The Outlook

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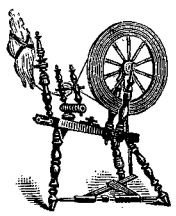

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The Outlook

Published Every Saturday

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THE Cretan question is this week at its most critical point. The time given to Greece by the Powers for the withdrawal of her troops and war-ships now in Crete expired on Monday afternoon, and Greece's reply to the Powers was at that time made public. The dispatches from Athens and Canea had indicated during the previous week a determination on the part of Greece to absolutely refuse to withdraw her forces. Warlike measures had been urgently pressed; the Greek reserves had been called out; troops had been sent to the northern frontier; material of war had been purchased in large quantities; even Greek citizens in the United States had been officially asked to return home for military service. The reply of Greece to the Powers is, however, conciliatory in tone. Emphasis is laid on the right of the Cretans to be heard on the question of what is to be done with them; a Cretan plebiscite is suggested; if the Powers will consent to such a vote being taken under conditions that will insure its fairness, Greece offers to withdraw its ships, but asks that its troops be allowed to cooperate with those of other Powers to maintain peace until affairs are more settled A fair Cretan plebiscite would without doubt choose annexation to Greece rather than nominal autonomy with any kind of Turkish suzerainty. The reply adds that Greece is convinced that autonomy will not pacify Crete, and that there is danger that another chapter in the horrors of Mussulman fanaticism may be added to the six periods of anarchy which have already decimated the island.

❀

The strength of Greece's position lies in the fact that the Powers dread, above all things, a Turco-Grecian war in which Bulgaria and the Balkan States should take part. Such a war would threaten indeterminable complications which would involve the entire Eastern question and might result in a general European war. The Powers have bent all their diplomatic energies to be prepared to secure each its own advantage when the long-talked-of break-up of the Turkish power should come, yet each at heart dreads the actual emergency, and desires to have it postponed. The present concert of the Powers in threatening to coerce Greece is only half-hearted, and signs of mutual distrust are general. Under these circumstances firmness and the taking of the initiative on the part of Greece have given her an unexpectedly strong position. In England public sentiment against aiding in the coercion of Greece continues to make itself felt; a dispatch sent to King George by over a hundred members of Parliament expresses the feeling against Great Britain's aiding the Porte; and though the British Government has a strong Parliamentary majority, it will hesitate before proceeding to extreme measures. Germany has been urgent for immediate action by the Powers, and it is asserted that Russia will consent to nothing but the instant withdrawal of Greece from Crete, though, as always, Russia's real intentions are involved in doubt.

❀

The pluck with which the Greeks are facing the situation can be understood only when one knows the weakness of the country from a military point of view. The nominal strength of the Greek army in times of peace is 30,000 men. This force, if official statements can be trusted, may be increased to 80,000 men, with a reserve, in the event of a great crisis, of

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100,000 additional men; but there is reason to believe that these numbers are greatly exaggerated. The army available probably does not number 25,000; and the men are armed with old-fashioned rifles, which would place them at great disadvantage in meeting troops equipped with magazine rifles. The poverty of the Government has been felt in all departments of the service, and it is very doubtful whether even the small force which nominally makes up the standing army in times of peace could be put into the field rapidly, or would be properly equipped if it were put there. It is said also, with regard to the reserve, that the prescribed period of training has never been strictly enforced, and that the great mass of men who would be subject to call have never received any training whatever. When one sets against these facts the immensely preponderating force at the command of Turkey, well equipped, thoroughly trained, and with great natural fighting capacity, the disparity between the two countries becomes apparent and the desperate courage of the Greeks takes on a romantic aspect.

❀

One of the strongest pieces of evidence which has yet appeared relating to the situation of affairs in Armenia is the account given in the official Yellow Book published by the French Government. This account is, from the circumstances of its appearance, based on wide knowledge, careful observation, and dispassionate judgment. Its author, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, predicted many months before the event the approach of the crisis. His attitude throughout has been one of great fairness both to Turkey and Armenia, and his position makes him a witness of the first rank. He declares that three years ago a Turkish official of high rank said to him, "The Armenian question does not exist, but we shall create it" At that time the Armenians were quiescent, and the country was practically free from movements looking towards independence. The Armenians were simply asking, with great moderation, that the Turkish Government should give them the reforms which had been promised and which were guaranteed to them by the Great Powers. These reforms were never effected. On the contrary, things grew rapidly worse, and in a way which evidenced the existence of a scheme to make them worse. The extortions of officials became more vexatious and unjust, the administrative law became more uncertain, and the organization of a number of regiments of Kurds for the alleged purpose of guarding the frontier made the Armenian villages a prey to ravage and pillage.

❀

Under these circumstances the Armenians, being human, began to protest and to agitate for reform. To this agitation the Turks replied by making the situation at every point more difficult and unbearable. They not only intensified, by new grievances and fresh oppressions, the discontent in Armenia, but they also proceeded to exaggerate its radicalism. They treated the agitators as if they were revolutionists, and the attempt at reform as if it were seditious. Naturally, the Armenians, in despair, became, to a certain extent, what the Turks were determined to make them. Secret societies were organized, and the movement for national independence spread rapidly. This was precisely what was planned, and that which the French Ambassador predicted promptly took place: the discontent in Armenia was swiftly made the pretext for the wholesale slaughter at which the world stood aghast. A more atrocious scheme on a greater scale has not been known in modern times; and the French Ambassador charges the responsibility home upon the Turkish Government without qualification. "The Porte," he said, "by its rigor has made consecrated a movement which now counts its martyrs. By its obstinacy in maintaining in Armenia a veritable system of terror, arrests, assassinations, and outrages, it seemed to take pleasure in hastening events." This, it will be noted, is not the missionary view of the situation; it is the view of the French Government.

❀

While the examination of Mr. Cecil Rhodes in London has been followed with very deep interest, affairs have moved on in South Africa, and promise to confirm the rough and rather unscrupulous

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justification which he has advanced for the Jameson raid. Mr. Rhodes has not defended that raid from the standpoint of international politics; he has contented himself with saying that the wrongs of foreigners in the Transvaal were so great as to not only justify, but in a way necessitate, redress by force of arms. Some time ago a very intelligent missionary, familiar with the situation, said that the English had no moral rights in the Transvaal, and that the breaking down of the Dutch States would be without justification from the moral point of view, but that it would be greatly to the interests of those States and of civilization in Africa if the English could secure control. President Kruger, whose pluck and sagacity have had ample recognition, is evidently bent on what would seem to be the impossible policy of holding the Transvaal free from outside influences, and of governing a rapidly increasing population by a small Dutch citizenship. The Volksraad, or Congress of the Transvaal, is completely in his hands, and he has now taken the radical step of subordinating to it the highest court in the country. This court was established and its authority defined by a series of acts covering a period of six years; it consists of a Chief Justice and four Associate Judges, who, under the Constitution, are declared to be free and independent. The court holds, in other words, a position very like that which our own Supreme Court holds in our general system of government. It has been subjected to the same sort of curtailment of power which would be effected if the Supreme Court of the United States were made subordinate to Congress instead of being one of the three constituent parts of the Government. A court whose judicial decisions are subject to revision and reversal at the hands of a legislative assembly is not a court in any true sense of the word.

❀

President Cleveland's last official act of great importance was his veto of the bill restricting immigration by the exclusion of illiterates. The grounds for this veto, as stated in the message accompanying it, were briefly as follows: (1) It proposed a "radical departure" from our National policy of hospitality toward all persons desiring to come to our shores "except those whose moral or physical condition or history threatened danger." (2) It proposed to exclude illiterate immigrants, and these are not the most undesirable class now reaching us. (3) It contained a clause making it a crime to employ in this country persons retaining their legal residence in Canada. With reference to the exclusion of illiterates—the main purpose of the act vetoed—President Cleveland said:

> "In my opinion it is infinitely more safe to admit a hundred thousand immigrants who, though unable to read and write, seek among us only a home and opportunity to work than to admit one of those unruly agitators and enemies of government control who can not only read and write, but delight in arousing by inflammatory speech the illiterate and peacefully inclined to tumult. Violence and disorder do not originate with illiterate laborers. They are rather the victims of the educated agitator. The ability to read and write, as required in this bill, in and of itself, affords, in my opinion, a misleading test of contented industry, and supplies unsatisfactory evidence of desirable citizenship or a proper appreciation of the benefits of our institutions."

In reference to the irrelevant clause against the employment of Canadian labor, Mr. Cleveland declared that such an enactment would be "illiberal, narrow, and un-American," and would "certainly provoke retaliatory measures, to the injury of many of our citizens who now find employment on foreign soil."

❀

This act of Mr. Cleveland was one of characteristic courage. He has vetoed a bill which, by alterations as it passed through Congress, had been transformed from one of National protection to one of insult and provocation to a pacific neighbor. Two very different principles were incorporated in this bill as finally passed—principles which have no true connection with each other. One endeavored to guard against the rapid increase of illiteracy by immigration; the other endeavored to prevent Canadians from coming across the border to compete with resident labor. The first was intended to prevent the country from taking on a burden heavier than it can or will carry; the second, to lay an embargo on foreign laborers. The first is legitimate, the second not. For we cannot but think that Mr. Cleveland's argument against the first principle

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is more specious than sound. What makes the educated demagogue dangerous is a great uneducated mob. We cannot by any known tests exclude the demagogue; we can exclude the mob. There are, so far as we can see, only these alternatives before the country: (1) Unrestricted immigration. The dangers of that policy have been seriously felt, and although they might be overcome by sufficient Christian consecration in the churches and sufficient disinterested patriotism in politics, the consecration and patriotism are apparently not sufficient to meet the demand which unrestricted immigration makes upon them. (2) Requirement of consular examination and certificate of fitness as a condition of landing. If all Consuls were pure-minded Solons, this might be well. But they are not; and it is certain that there would be no equality in the application of tests, and probable that there would be much corruption. (3) A head tax levied on immigrants, and collected of steamship companies. This might have the effect to give us only the thrifty and forehanded, but it might also give us only immigrants so much the poorer by the tax they had paid. And to impose a money test would be wholly incongruous with American traditions and revolting to American instincts. (4) The only remaining method of discrimination is that of the Immigration Bill, requiring immigrants to read and write *some* language. This is not a very satisfactory test of character, or even of intelligence; but it is perhaps as good a one as could be easily devised. If, therefore, the bill had not contained the so-called alien clause, we think its principle certainly defensible and probably wise. But that clause, we strongly suspect, was added chiefly, if not exclusively, as a challenge to the Englishman, and it is certain that Canada would have replied with retaliatory legislation, and would have been justified in so doing. Statesmanship as well as Christianity demands the freest possible exchange of both persons and goods between Canada and the United States. The bill, in this form, was deservedly vetoed.

❀

Among the measures which failed to become law because President Cleveland withheld his signature were three important appropriation bills. All of these bills reached the President very late, and it is not known whether he refused to sign them because he objected to some of their provisions or because he had not time to examine them. They were the Agricultural Appropriation Bill, $3,200,000; the Indian Appropriation Bill, $7,800,000; and the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, $53,000,000. The General Deficiency Bill, calling for an appropriation of about $9,000,000, also failed because of a disagreement between the House and Senate. All these bills, in addition to the proposed tariff legislation, must be considered and disposed of at the special session of the new Congress, called to assemble on March 15. These appropriations ought, of course, to be credited to the last Congress, and they bring its total up to $1,033,000,000. Even this immense sum—equivalent to $75 for each family in the Nation—does not include the river and harbor contracts, calling for $60,000,000, and the naval and other contracts, calling for $16,000,000 more, which the last Congress authorized administrative officers to make. Altogether the appropriations properly credited to the last Congress make it the most costly the country ever had. The diminished receipts of the people in nearly every branch of industry during the last four years should have led to a diminution in their National expenditures. The increase of debt incurred during the last Administration and the increase of taxes proposed by the present Administration do not furnish the relief so urgently demanded.

❀

Inaugural Day at Washington lacked none of the elements that go to make up an impressive and picturesque ceremony. The weather was all but perfect—and what that means all know who remember the discomfort, wretchedness, and in many cases resulting illness accompanying some recent inaugural days. The great procession was brilliant, and more varied than was the case four years ago; nearly 50,000 men—soldiers, sailors, militia, societies, delegations, and plain civilians—escorted the incoming and outgoing Presidents to the Capitol, and before

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that splendid building an enormous mass of citizens waited for hours for the opportunity of showing their enthusiastic patriotism and respect for the executive head of the United States. The streets and public buildings were gayly and, for the most part, beautifully decorated—the yellow of the gold monometallists being quite as prominent in the decoration as was the subject of international bimetallism in the Inaugural Address. The Inaugural Ball, with its reproduction of the Golden Gateway of the Chicago World's Fair, its marvelous electric lighting, its 100,000 yards of white and gold decoration, its fountain surrounded with a thicket of palms, its 175 musicians, and its immense throng of finely dressed guests, made a spectacle rarely equaled. The ceremonies in the Senate Chamber were naturally somewhat perfunctory, but the opportunity of seeing in one chamber the President and Vice-President, the ex-President and ex-Vice-President, the Supreme Court, the two Houses of Congress, the Ambassadors and Ministers of foreign lands, the Governors of many States, and a throng of other notabilities, was one that occurs only once in four years. Not perfunctory, we think, was the passage in Mr. Hobart's address in which he said: "All the interests of good government and the advancement towards a higher and better condition of things call for prompt and positive legislation at your hands. To obstruct the regular course of wise and prudent legislative action after the fullest and freest discussion is neither consistent with true Senatorial courtesy, conducive to the welfare of the people, nor in compliance with their just expectations." In all the ceremonies and acts of his entrance into office, our new President bore himself with great personal dignity and tact; of his utterances on public questions we speak elsewhere.

❀

The fact that the Chairmen of thirty-nine State Democratic Committees have agreed in declaring that Mr. Bryan will be the Presidential candidate of the Democratic party in 1900 cannot be contemptuously dismissed as a "premature boom" for Mr. Bryan. It means that the forces which nominated Mr. Bryan are in control of the Democratic party in thirty-nine States. The candidates may be different in 1900, and the political issues may be different, but the political forces will be the same; for it is scarcely possible that in less than four years a revolution can be wrought in the State organizations sufficient to transfer the control of the party from men like Bryan and Altgeld back to men like Cleveland and Whitney. It is now clear that the nomination of Mr. Bryan was not merely due to the passion of the moment, stirred by a fiery speech; or, if it were, the same materials are ready for the match four years from now. If the Republican leaders are wise, they will take account of the popular unrest and dissatisfaction revealed in the last election, and guard against revolutionary measures by providing conservative remedies. If none such are provided, the election in 1900 will be very likely to reverse that of 1896. For this reason, if for no other, we are glad that the present Congress has passed the bill providing for an International Monetary Conference, and that President Cleveland signed it. If it serves no other purpose, it will at least avoid the needless irritation which would have been produced by treating with contempt an entirely rational demand for a genuine attempt to secure international bimetallism. We trust that Mr. McKinley will appoint only sincere bimetallists on the Commission.

❀

The apparently sincere regret which found such general expression at the dinner given to Mr. Bayard at the Mansion House in London last week, and in the comments of the English newspapers upon his retirement, is in every way creditable to an Ambassador who, in spite of partisan criticism and misrepresentation, has sustained the dignity of the country and maintained its interests in England. The essence of snobbishness is an undue sensitiveness to rank, and this may be expressed quite as definitely in an undervaluation of its significance and influence as in an over-valuation. The American Ambassador who flatters the English people and secures popularity in English society by servility is a snob; the American Ambassador who should treat English gentlemen who happen to have titles as if there were something criminal or offensive

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in the fact that they belong to the peerage would be equally a snob. The man without snobbishness is the man who takes the title for what it is worth, and who is not affected by it and is not thrown by it into an attitude of servility or of antagonism. It has been our good fortune to be represented, as a rule, at the English Court by men of character and sense—gentlemen who have understood that independence and dignity do not consist in snubbing English society and asserting in crude and vulgar ways the principle of democracy. Americans who know England at first hand know that it is quite as democratic in most respects as this country, and in many respects distinctly more democratic. Mr. Bayard has expressed, not the crude and outworn antagonism of race to race, remnants and relics of which still disfigure the speech of a great many American public men, but he has stood for that larger and more Christian view of the brotherhood of races which a Christian civilization is fast bringing in. He has emphasized, as he ought to have emphasized, not the things which divide, but the things which unite, the two peoples. He has made Americanism synonymous, not with crude self-assertion, but with force, character, dignity, and refinement. Like Mr. Lowell, he has identified America with a superior type of man, not with the sham and self-conscious independence so often exploited by the American newspaper and the American politician.

❀

The question of lower rates for gas has been prominently before the New York Legislature since the beginning of the session, and, whether or not any helpful legislation immediately results, a vast amount of helpful information has been popularized. For this information the Legislature and the public are chiefly indebted to Professor E. W. Bemis, of Chicago. Professor Bemis virtually placed at the service of the Legislative Committee the municipal experience of the entire country, and in a characteristic way made his testimony all the more telling by submitting no estimate which was not more than warranted by official data. For example, after showing that the cost of manufacturing water-gas is but a trifle more than thirty cents per 1,000 cubic feet in Chicago, Boston, and Washington, and must be a trifle less in New York, where coal is cheaper, he assumed that the cost of distributing the gas might possibly be as great in New York as in the average Massachusetts town, though each mile of mains distributes gas to several times as many families. In Massachusetts the average cost of distributing gas for all the companies of the State is twenty-eight cents per thousand. If the cost in New York is as much as this —and it is probably not more than half of it—the total cost of making and distributing gas is still less than sixty cents per thousand. For normal profits on the capital invested, Professor Bemis made again a most liberal allowance—assuming that the cost of mains is twice as much a mile in this city as in either Philadelphia or Chicago. In this way he figured $3 of legitimate capitalization for each thousand feet of gas sold annually. A six per cent. profit on this sum would still permit the sale of gas for seventy-five cents per thousand. Inasmuch as the present price is $1.25, and the bill for which Professor Bemis appeared simply demanded a reduction to the Boston price of $1, the argument was unusually conclusive. The present prospect is that the bill will be passed unless the companies "voluntarily" agree to reduce their rate five cents a year for the next five or seven years.

❀

The New York Court of Appeals last week handed down a decision declaring that the Percy-Gray racing law conforms with the anti-gambling clause in the new Constitution. The law, it will be recalled, made gambling a felony or misdemeanor, except when conducted at race-tracks on the results of the races. For race-track gambling the only penalty prescribed was that the sums wagered might be recovered by one of the parties in a civil suit. Of course this is equivalent to a prohibition of gambling when gamblers themselves cease to have gamblers' honor. Under this law, race-track gambling under the control of the Jockey Clubs has gone on to such an extent that the New York "World" pretty justly summed up the situation when it said: "It is a sad fact, but a true fact, that the only man who has been benefited by the constitutional

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amendment abolishing bookmaking is the bookmaker." The constitutional provision reads as follows: "Nor shall any lottery, or the sale of lottery tickets, pool-selling, bookmaking, or any other form of gambling, hereafter be authorized or allowed within this State; and the Legislature shall pass appropriate laws to prevent offenses against any of the provisions of this section." In the Constitutional Convention the clause was criticised by such men as Mr. Choate, because it was alleged to be too sweeping in its prohibition of gambling; but now the bill framed by the race-track gambling fraternity to avoid the Constitution is declared to conform with its provisions. The Court of Appeals sums up its decision in the following clause: "It is not within the province of this Court to declare that section 17 [in reference to race-track gambling] is in contravention of the Constitution for the reason that it does not deem the provision adopted appropriate or sufficient to prevent such offenses." Although the Constitution required that the legislation should be "appropriate," the Court holds that it has no right to declare that specific legislation is not appropriate. The decision will increase the tendency to insert statutes in the Constitution.

❀

During the past week there were two events in the railway world which called forth much comment. The first was the completion of an arrangement to refund forty-odd millions of maturing 7 per cent. bonds of the Lake Shore Railway Company in a 3½ per cent. 100-year gold bond issue, limited to $50,000,000. The new bonds are already at a premium higher than any ever before asked for railway securities bearing so low a rate of interest. This event is a significant one, not only in its connection with the corporation in question, but in its bearing on the general situation. It is an indication of some improvement in the business world, and it is also an evidence of the ability of a first-class concern to borrow for a century at 3½ per cent. The stock advanced to 172, its highest figure, on the news. The success of the operation calls attention to the probability of analogous refundings elsewhere. During the next few years many million dollars' worth of railway securities must be refunded, and the possibility of similar operations is suggested. For instance, the Chicago and Northwestern system has outstanding, at 7 per cent., $47,000,000, of which about $25,000,000 is placed on the main line maturing in 1902 and 1915; the New York Central has outstanding $30,000,000 of 7 per cents maturing in 1903. In the case of similar conversions the annual charges of these roads might be reduced by about a million dollars each. It is not fair to say, however, that this is the first instance in which American roads have borrowed money at such a low percentage. As early as 1886 the Illinois Central negotiated a 3½ per cent. bond issue, and in 1895 the Pennsylvania road floated $5,000,000 worth of bonds at 3½ per cent.

❀

The other important event was the annual report of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a report of special noteworthiness on both sides of the border, since the Company announces its intention to build the much-discussed road to the Kootenay mining district by way of the Crow's Nest Pass. The Canadian Pacific has recently bought the property of the Columbia and Kootenay Navigation Company, and the report, after mentioning this fact, says:

"Even with these important additions to its facilities for handling the traffic of the mining districts, your company will continue at a disadvantage in competing with the American lines (which have already reached Nelson, Rossland, and other important centers in these districts) until it shall have direct railway connections of its own. Until then the greater part of the mining traffic will be beyond its reach, and will continue to be, as at present, carried by the American lines southward. Your Directors are strongly of the opinion that any delay in securing your interests in that direction will be extremely dangerous—that unless your company occupies the ground others will, the demand for shipping and traveling facilities being most urgent. The Directors feel that they cannot too strongly urge the immediate construction of a line from Lethbridge to a connection with your Columbia and Kootenay Railway at Nelson, a distance of 325 miles, and, anticipating your approval, they have already taken steps toward commencement of the work on the opening of spring."

We learn, however, from the Toronto "Globe" that—

"There seems to be a strong sentiment in British Columbia in favor of Government con

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struction, and an equally strong feeling against strengthening the Canadian Pacific monopoly. A Government road, if extended to Hope, would cost probably more than $20,000,000. This is a great sum to add to our large public debt. On the other hand, it seems likely that the road would pay from the first."

Valuable as an independent road would be in local traffic, it would afford little escape from the monopoly, since there could be no regulation of local or through charges on the Canadian Pacific's main lines. The new road may influence some of the traffic which has hitherto gone over our northern transcontinental lines.

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February reports are of interest. The month's number of business failures was smaller than during the corresponding month in 1896 or in 1894, but larger than in 1895. February bank clearings were less by one-tenth than those in February a year ago, but compared with February, 1895, the gain is eight per cent., and as against February, 1894, the gain is about fifteen per cent. United States Treasury statistics for the month show an increase in the Government debt of $4,500,000. The increase during January was $15,000,000. Since the new fiscal year began, the addition to the debt has been no less than $57,000,000. This increase has been due to a deficit in the revenue caused by enlarged appropriations in the face of smaller receipts. The European war-cloud was responsible for some irregularity in prices on this side last week, and a great deal of irregularity on the other. Perhaps the most sensitive Exchange was that of Paris. French holdings of the securities of southeastern Europe are estimated at about $400,000,000. The inauguration of Mr. McKinley calls attention to a comparison between present prices in prominent dividend-paying stocks and bonds, and their quotations the day before election last November; in a representative list of thirty stocks we find ten declines in quotations and twenty advances; in a representative bond list there are no declines, but advances of from one to six points. Government securities have advanced from three to six points.

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At the meeting of the New York Social Reform Club last week, State Labor Commissioner McDonough, the Chairman of the Constitutional Convention Committee on Prison Labor, presented the case in favor of the amendment restricting the labor of the prisoners to public work. This amendment, he first pointed out, so far from requiring prisoners to be kept in idleness, specifically required them to be kept at work; and so far from having been championed exclusively by demagogues, was supported in the Convention by Elihu Root, of New York, David R. Francis, of Troy, and others of like standing in their respective committees. The object of the amendment, he claimed, was not to keep prisoners from competing with honest laborers, but to take the prisoners from under the control of the contractors, and to direct their work exclusively to the service of the public, and to fitting themselves for usefulness after they leave the prison walls.

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Somewhat inconsistently, the speaker said that he preferred that prisoners should work without machinery for the State, rather than work with machinery for private contractors. The latter, he declared, were uniformly able to make such contracts with the prison officials as to subject outside competitors to unfair competition. Upon the question whether the prisoners could be kept busy upon public work, he submitted a remarkable quantity and quality of testimony to the effect that it is as easy to keep prisoners employed in producing supplies for all the public institutions as it is to keep persons outside of prison employed in producing supplies for each other. The educational advantages, he urged, were all on the side of the new system, because under it prisoners would naturally be fitted for work they might follow when they left the prisons, instead of being confined, in the interests of contractors, to an insignificant part of some trade which is practically monopolized by prison labor. In conclusion, he referred to the current newspaper reports of prisoners going insane from lack of work, and read official statistics, covering more than a decade, stating that as many prisoners had become insane when hard at work as when idle. He condemned vigorously their present idleness, but said that the responsibility rested with the

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forces which had filled the newspapers with misrepresentations of the amendment in order to secure its repeal. The amendment, he said, gave the prison officials more than a year to prepare for the new requirement, but not until the State Commission had reported in favor of the amendment, and it had actually gone into effect, did they begin their preparations. He believed, however, that the fight had now been finished, and that the new system would receive a fair trial and prove its merits. In case it proves to have been framed so as to fit prisoners for useful work after they leave prison, and not so as to keep them from useful work while they are confined, the public will welcome the reform.

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At the American Jewish Historical Society meeting held recently in Baltimore, Md., an interesting paper was presented by Mr. David Sulzberger, of Philadelphia. His subject was "Our Hebrew Population." According to Mr. Sulzberger, the number of Hebrews in the United States in 1812 was about 3,000. According to the census of 1840 there were 50,000 Hebrews in the United States, of whom 13,000 were residents of the city of New York. The present Hebrew population of the United States is estimated at 500,000, and New York City, it is said, contains 140,000. Without doubt the American people owe a heavy debt to the Hebrews. The educated Hebrew is as fine a type of citizen as the country produces. In the administration of charities the Hebrews lead all others in the practical, beneficent, educational methods that are developed. The children, even among the poorest, are anxious for education. In every library which they patronize the Hebrew children will lead all others in their choice of books that supplement school training. Of the Hebrew women who have had educational opportunity, the whole country can have but one opinion, and that of approval. They are essentially home-lovers; they have high ideals for their children; they have the art of winning their children's confidences—even the poorest and most ignorant of the Hebrew women succeed in keeping the love and confidence of their children until they enter early manhood and womanhood, when the conservatism of the parents, which leads them to refuse for themselves the educational opportunities afforded by the community, separates them and their children. For the children are sometimes ashamed of a mother who cannot use the English tongue, who refuses to adopt the American style of dress, and who lives as a foreigner in the land that gave birth to her children. How to meet this ignorance of poor Jewish immigrants is a problem for Jew and Christian to face. Another problem is that of religion—how to sustain the religious faith of the children. This problem, like the other, is a serious one for Christians as well as for Jews, for the fact is everywhere conspicuous that when a Jewish child separates from the religion of his fathers he generally becomes a materialist, rarely a Christian.

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The "anti-department store" movement in Chicago continues to gather headway. The Republican Convention has adopted a platform in which the salient plank reads as follows:

"In our opinion, one of the crving evils of our city is the destruction of the profits of the small shopkeepers by the competition of the department stores, which, by the use of labor grossly underpaid, have succeeded in largely driving out of business many smaller storekeepers throughout the city; and we hereby request such legislation from the State of Illinois and the City Council as will prevent the combination of the many different kinds of storekeeping, otherwise unallied, in the great department stores. We believe that the theory of the Republican party in favor of protection goes to the extent that the local business of every neighborhood, so far as possible, should be transacted in that neighborhood, and we favor, as far as may be legally done, the wiping out of the present system of big department stores."

In the Legislature the issue is hardly less prominent. Week before last the Republican caucus formally indorsed the movement, and last week there was a constant hubbub over it in the Republican ranks. The following head-lines from the Chicago "Times-Herald" indicate the kind of commotion the issue is creating: "Legislators at War. Department Stores the Issue. Republicans at Springfield in Strife Over the Leadership of the Crusade." All seems to be going well except for the difficulty of getting rural Republicans to indorse any definite legis-

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lation. No one has yet been able to suggest any bill against carrying more than one line of goods that will "wipe out" the big department stores in the cities and "protect" the small general stores in the country. It is possible that no definite bill will ever be passed, but the party leaders are confident that their indorsement of the movement is good politics. The agitation seems to be largely in the hands of the Republicans because the new leaders among the Democrats attribute the loss of profits and bankruptcies among merchants to the fall of prices under the gold standard. The citizens of Chicago will soon witness the incongruous spectacle of a municipal campaign carried on between those who favor a State law to restrict department stores and those who favor a National law to expand the currency.

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That rent is the most serious burden the poor have to carry is an established fact; one of the greatest injustices which the poor are forced to endure is that they pay rent out of all proportion to the accommodations received; and for this reason sympathy is very strong for a family evicted from its home—and that whether they deserve the sympathy or not. The moral effect of the separation of the family which generally follows evictions from home is to undermine character, and in some degree to destroy self-respect and the sense of a common responsibility. To prevent this is the aim of those who attempt at all to deal with the problems affecting the lives of the tenement-house poor. At present, in New York City, an agent or owner secures a dispossess warrant for the non-payment of rent, after a nominal hearing by the court. If the rent cannot be paid at the specified time, the family, with its goods and chattels, is placed on the street. One of the labor leaders on the East Side has proposed a method of preliminary investigation which must meet with the approval of all students of social conditions. His proposition is to have some authorized person or persons receive from the District Court a list of the dispossess cases to be tried by the judge on the next day. When the case comes up in court, the investigator will have made a written report to the judge on that case, and the latter can then render his decision in accordance with the facts thus presented. To distinguish between those who should have the utmost leniency of the court granted them, and those who should feel the full rigor of the law, is the purpose of this proposed method. The experiment has been tried during the past few weeks in New York, one of the district judges sending a list of the cases to be tried before him to the head residents of the Settlements in the lower East Side. One judge explained (and a careful study of his court-room proves that he stated a fact) that he was compelled to dispose of dispossession cases at the average rate of about one case every two minutes.

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The prohibition movement in Canada is face to face with its greatest opportunity. At the Convention of the Dominion Prohibition Alliance held in Montreal last week, the Hon. Sidney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture in the Ottawa Cabinet, made some important announcements as to the forthcoming plebiscite campaign. Previous to the late Dominion elections, Mr. Laurier, on behalf of the Liberal party, had promised the temperance workers of Canada a Dominion plebiscite on the prohibition question in case he should be returned to power; and all indications go to show that the promise will be kept. As our readers are aware, a number of plebiscites have already been taken in Canada on this question; but they were provincial, and, although the result was a very decided victory for prohibition, it was partly nullified by the then existing doubt as to whether legislation against the liquor traffic came within the provincial or the federal sphere. The consequence was that no legislation gave effect to the will of the people. But now the conditions of the struggle are changed, and the Hon. Mr. Fisher, doubtless speaking by authority of the Liberal administration, has announced a plebiscite for the whole Dominion, which, if successful, will be followed by the introduction of a measure aimed at the destruction of the Canadian liquor traffic. It is generally believed that the same forces which prevailed in the various provinces can win in the approaching contest, but the struggle will be far more severe, as the liquor

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interest will be fighting for its life. The various prohibition organizations throughout the Dominion are vigorously preparing for the work before them. The campaign will be an unusually exciting one, and its results will be watched for with interest here as well as in Canada.

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Some weeks ago, as our readers will remember, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher fell, breaking her hip-bone. This fracture, to a woman in her eighty-fifth year, was one which no medical skill could repair. She had since that time been confined to her bed, part of the time in great pain. To those not intimately acquainted with her tenacity both of will and of physical constitution, it is a wonder that she lingered so long. It almost seems as though she had resolved that she would wait for the anniversary of her husband's death. On Monday, March 8, the morning of that anniversary, just ten years after her husband's death, she breathed her last. Her last days were, happily for her, passed at the home of her son-in-law, the Rev. Samuel Scoville, of Stamford, Conn., where she had a quiet which she could not have enjoyed in the city, and where she was nursed assiduously by her daughter and son-in-law, and constantly visited by her other surviving children, all but one of whom are living in the vicinity. She was married to Mr. Beecher in 1837; the privations of their early ministry in the West brought upon her disease from which she was never after wholly free. Her fidelity to her husband in his great trial endeared her to all his loyal friends. After his death her chief happiness was in the church to which for forty years he ministered in Brooklyn, and for the greater part of her widowhood, resisting the urgent invitations of her children, she lived by herself in a house close by the church. On Sunday mornings, when weather and her ill health forbade her going out, she watched from her windows across the street the great congregation gathering there. Her life was bound up with the life of Plymouth Church, and in its prosperity was her solace. She was at one time a regular contributor to The Outlook (then The Christian Union), and later was an occasional writer for other journals on domestic, religious, and literary topics.

The President's Inaugural

The Queen's Speech from the Throne in England always says as little as possible; the President's Inaugural in this country has been not infrequently formed on the same model. President McKinley's Inaugural is a refreshing departure from these bad precedents. On the great questions of the day it is as explicit as could be reasonably demanded of a President on taking the Presidential chair. The most important of these questions are Taxation, Finance, Foreign Policy.

If the President's declarations on taxation are truisms, they are truisms which we have neglected or ignored. "The best way for the Government to maintain its credit is to pay as it goes—not by resorting to loans, but by keeping out of debt—through an adequate income secured by a system of taxation, external or internal, or both." That is as sound as it is simple, and as applicable to a community as to an individual. If one finds that he is running in debt, there are only two courses open to him—to decrease expenses or increase income. Borrowing money only shifts the obligation from one creditor to another, and postpones the bankruptcy. The President proposes both remedies—but chiefly the second. "Economy is demanded in every branch of the Government at all times, but especially in periods like the present, of depression in business and distress among the people." But "the severest economy . . . in all public expenditures" is not enough. We must "retire, not increase, our outstanding obligations," and secure an income large enough to do this, as well as to meet promptly and easily our current obligations. We think that the President is right in thinking that this must be done by a revision of the tariff. The income tax has been declared unconstitutional, and we should be bankrupt before that decision could be reversed or the Constitution amended. The arguments in favor of a national land tax may in time revolutionize our tax methods, but meanwhile we must have an income in order that we may "pay as we go." The only other method is an increase of tax on beer or alcohol or tobacco, against which there would be

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so great opposition as to make it impracticable as an immediate measure. Thus the theoretic principle of protection is in abeyance, since a tariff high enough to furnish the necessary income will be high enough to furnish practical protection. The chief danger to be avoided is a tariff so high on some articles as to be prohibitory; that is, so high as to furnish no income, only protection. To this the principle of Mr. McKinley's Inaugural is opposed.

The financial questions are two: Is the single or the double standard desirable? Should Government or the banks issue the currency? On the first question the President is perfectly explicit. He reaffirms the Republican platform, which itself reaffirmed his previous political positions, which were as consistent as those of any political leader in times of financial perplexity. "It will be my constant endeavor to secure it [international bimetallism] by co-operation with the other great commercial powers of the world. Until that condition is realized when the parity between our gold and silver money springs from and is supported by the relative value of the two metals, the value of the silver already coined, and of that which may hereafter be coined, must be kept constantly at par with gold by every resource at our command." On the second question he is silent. It is a difficult question, and one on which experts differ. Experience throws but little light upon it. Much can be said in favor of each position. The difficulty for the President is enhanced by the fact that the traditions of the Republican party favor the issuance of currency by the Government, while the Secretary of the Treasury is understood to hold that currency should be issued only by the banks. The President's reserve, therefore, is natural. He must leave this question to be determined by Congress, and he may properly do so without recommendation if he so chooses.

But, in our judgment, both of these questions should be decided before the appointment of the financial commission which the President recommends, composed "of prominent, well-informed citizens of different parties, who will command public confidence both on account of their ability and special fitness for the work." It is for the Government to determine *what* shall be done; it is for the commission to give counsel *how* to do it. If a commission is formed of men some of whom are bimetallists, some free-coinage men, and some gold monometallists, we can have only a restatement in a divided report of an old issue, or a compromise that can settle nothing. So, if we have a commission some of whom believe that the Government, others that the banks, should issue the currency, their report will necessarily leave us where we now are—no nearer to a final result. Either by action of Congress embodied in law or resolution, or by Executive action in the constitution of the commission, these questions should be practically settled. The commission should be composed of men who believe in bimetallism by international action and disbelieve in free-silver coinage, and of men all of whom believe either in Governmental currency or in bank currency. Agreed on these fundamental questions, they can be wisely trusted to devise a system by which the three great desiderata can be secured: (1) Currency adequate in amount; (2) stable in character; (3) equally distributed.

On the subject of foreign relations the silence of the President is as significant as his speech. He says nothing concerning Hawaii, Cuba, Turkey, Venezuela, or the Monroe Doctrine. The country may therefore assume a continuance of a pacific policy, and an abstention from intermeddling in the concerns of other nations. He affirms the duty of "insisting upon the enforcement of the lawful rights of American citizens everywhere." We may therefore hope for a more vigorous protection of the persons and property of Americans on Turkish soil than they have enjoyed in recent years. And he urges the prompt ratification by the United States Senate of the pending Arbitration Treaty. His words on this subject we print in full, because they augur well for the result so much and so earnestly desired by the best judgment of this country:

"Since this treaty is clearly the result of our own initiative; since it has been recognized as the leading feature of our foreign policy throughout our entire National history—the adjustment of difficulties by judicial methods rather than force of arms—and since it presents to the world the glorious example of reason and peace, not

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passion and war, controlling the relations between two of the greatest nations of the world, an example certain to be followed by others, I respectfully urge the early action of the Senate thereon, not merely as a matter of policy, but as a duty to mankind. The importance and moral influence of the ratification of such a treaty can hardly be overestimated in the cause of advancing civilization. It may well engage the best thought of the statesmen and people of every country, and I cannot but consider it fortunate that it was reserved to the United States to have the leadership in so grand a work."

Respecting other matters it must be enough to say that the President's condemnation of violation of law, whether by mobs or by aggregations of capital, his declared readiness to enforce the laws now in existence and to recommend new ones, if necessary, against unlawful and pernicious combinations of capital, and his hearty but sober and self-restrained indorsement of the principle of Civil Service Reform, all appear like the utterances of genuine conviction, rather than like the skillful marshaling of unmeaning phrases for popular and political effect. And, finally, the whole address is framed in by a simple expression of religious faith in the "God of our fathers," which, by its simplicity and self-evident sincerity, will commend both the address and the man who uttered it to the American people, who, widely as they differ in their religious schools of thought, are at heart a religious, though not always a reverential, people.

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Lenten Thoughts

Christ's Last Words—"To-Day in Paradise"

"Two thieves were crucified with him; one on the right hand, the other on the left." On the one side a brigand maintaining to the last the spirit of hostility to God and man, and joining in the taunts of the priests; on the other a brigand with his last breath asking to be remembered by that Messiah whom in his lifetime he had never thought of. Those three figures typify all humanity: the persistent sinner, the penitent sinner, the sinless sufferer; he who glories in his iniquity, he who repents of his iniquity, he who willingly suffers for the iniquity of others. In the first are represented, not merely the criminal whose hand is against every man, but the prosperous oppressor of the poor, the rich fool who accumulates wealth and is careless of poverty, the hypocrite who devours widows' houses and for a pretense makes long prayers, the priest and the Levite who pass human suffering by on the other side, the proud, the greedy, the avaricious, the selfish, the indifferent. In the second are represented all penitents in all ages: the woman that was a sinner; the publican who cries "God have mercy upon me;" Peter inconsistently praying, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man," and at the same time leaving all to follow the Lord; Isaiah lamenting his inability to be God's herald because he is a man of unclean lips, and yet ready to offer his service, "Here am I, Lord; send me"—all, of whatever name or creed, in crowded cathedral or solitary closet, before Roman Catholic altar or in Friends' Meeting-House, uttering the prayer,

"O for a man to arise in me,
That the man that I am may cease to be!"

In the third are represented all sufferers for love's sake: Moses bearing the burden of a great people in the wilderness, Elijah exiled to Mount Horeb for his fidelity to a recreant people, Jeremiah weeping for the sins of a nation forgetful of God and oblivious of impending judgment, all patriots offering up life for their country, all martyrs laying down life for the Church, all mothers bearing in heavy hearts the sins of their children. In these three classes all humanity is included. In one or the other of them each one of us stands. Through this threefold experience many have passed: from indifference to penitence, from penitence to self-sacrificing love. Alas for him who is content to stop in his experience midway, to be a penitent only, not also a saviour by suffering for others!

Nowhere is the completeness and instantaneousness of Christ's forgiving love more strikingly illustrated than in his words to the penitent brigand, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." It is true that we do not know what paradise is, nor what it involves. It is true that in paradise there may be carried on not only an educating but also a purifying process. It is not on the words "in

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paradise," it is on the words "with me" we lay stress. The moment this brigand turned to Christ, that moment all obstacle between Christ and him was taken away. If he was to be in purgatory, then Christ was to be in purgatory with him. He might still have to pass through cleansing waters and purifying fires; but he would not pass through them alone—Christ's rod and Christ's staff would comfort him; Christ's presence would go with him; and so he would be sure that the waters would not overflow him nor the fire burn. There is no hindrance between the soul and Christ except that which the soul itself creates. "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear." The only separation is in the clouds of our own making. Whoever he is, whatever he has done, he who sincerely repents of his sins and turns to Christ may be sure of this, that Christ will not wait, but will instantly reply, To-day thou shalt be with me. His grace is immediate; his pardon instant. There is no penance for the penitent which Christ does not share, no purgatory for the penitent in which Christ does not dwell.

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The "New Journalism"

The Outlook has had occasion to say more than once that the way to reform the theater is to leave the trashy and immoral plays to empty houses. In like manner, the way to reform the press is to leave the trashy and immoral papers on the news-stands, and to exclude them from libraries. It is, therefore, with the greatest satisfaction that The Outlook notes that the example of the Newark Library in excluding the New York "World" and the New York "Journal" from its reading-room has started what promises to be a general movement. Four or five libraries in the vicinity of New York City have followed the example of the Newark Library, and similar action on the part of the Union League and Century Clubs of this city evidences a rising tide of the most intelligent public sentiment. Neither of these journals is a newspaper in any true sense of the word. Their columns have been conspicuous, during the past few months especially, for the publication of what are known as "fakes"—stories, that is, without any foundation of fact. In many cases these stories are based upon what purports to be authentic information—interviews with well-known men. In every case the reader is led to assume that what he reads has a basis of truth under it. He learns the next day from some other journal that the events about which he has read did not take place, and that the persons whose opinions have been confided to him have given no interviews. Journals which deceive their readers in this fashion may have some claims as producers of fiction, but they have no claims whatever as newspapers.

The Outlook has commented more than once on the shameless and shameful violation of that privacy which is one of the rights of the individual; on the dragging to the light of scandals in which the community has no interest; on the parading of crimes in all their loathsome details, the accounts of which ought to be condensed into five lines. A foreigner reading the "World" or the "Journal" would gain the impression that this country is given up to vice and vulgarity in their worst forms. Both journals pretend to be devoted to the cause of the people as against monopolies and class privileges of every kind. They are, as a matter of fact, the worst enemies of the people. Those who read their columns most closely are forced to question the sincerity of their attitude. Rich people have just as many rights in this country as poor people, and are just as virtuous, high-minded, and generous. It is pure demagogism which attempts to array class against class by constantly holding men and women of wealth before the public gaze in all kinds of undignified and mean attitudes. The method of treating these questions which the "World" and the "Journal" follow is an insult to their readers, because it is a constant appeal to the meanest passions and the narrowest prejudices. The real friends of the people are those who endeavor to present the facts, not those who strive to envelop the situation in a fog of misrepresentation and abuse. From such journals a true and sound social and industrial reorganization has nothing to hope and

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everything to fear. The exclusion of these papers from public libraries and representative clubs is a step in the right direction, which we trust will be followed in all parts of the country. This seems to be the only method of persuading these newspapers to use their great resources in the service of the people instead of misleading and debasing them.

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Dr. Mallory

The Rev. Dr. George S. Mallory, who died at his home in this city on Tuesday of last week, and of whom a brief biographical sketch appears elsewhere, was one of the best-known editors connected with the religious press in this country; for the "Churchman," which Dr. Mallory, in connection with his brother, Marshall H. Mallory, owned and directed for more than thirty years, is not only the foremost journal in the Episcopal Church, but easily takes its place among the foremost church journals in the country. The success of the "Churchman" has been of the most substantial character. It has represented a conservative instinct in its editorial attitude, but it has endeavored to report all opinions and movements inside the Episcopal Church. The mechanical and artistic excellence which has characterized it for many years past has been striking, and in this respect the "Churchman" for a time stood almost alone among religious journals, and its endeavor to give its pages beauty and mechanical attractiveness has had no small share in developing taste and beauty among papers of its class.

Dr. Mallory was well equipped for the work to which he devoted his life. He was well educated, had held professorships of Latin and of English in Trinity College, from which he was graduated, and was a lifelong student of Church history and Church organization. The Outlook commented not many weeks ago on his address at the Church Congress at Norfolk. His knowledge of canon law and of the organic law of the Church was almost unrivaled among Churchmen in this country, and the discussion of questions relating to the constitution and methods of the Church in the columns of the "Churchman" carried great weight. On more than one occasion the editorial authority of the "Churchman" has modified both opinion and legislation in the Episcopal Church. Dr. Mallory's information was not, however, confined to those departments, which he had made specially his own. He was a man of wide general knowledge. His acquaintance with the history of the Episcopal Church and with its clergy was extraordinarily broad and minute, and while his position was not always satisfactory to the most progressive Broad Churchmen, his view of the Church was essentially comprehensive; the view, that is, of a man who recognized the place of the different schools of thought, and who was disposed to recognize the reality in the different movements which from time to time have taken place inside the Church.

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The Spectator

The Spectator was walking down Broadway recently during the rush hours, when about ten people are going up town to one going down. In the crowd was a woman walking fast, who stopped at times as if there was something about her feet that troubled her. She could not see that about six inches of ribbon was trailing on the sidewalk, for the mere turning round threw the annoyance out of her range of vision. Walking behind her was a man, who stepped up as if by sudden impulse, and, removing his hat, showed her an open knife. In a moment he was on the sidewalk and had cut the piece of ribbon off, handing it to the woman, who bowed and thanked him. To the Spectator's surprise, the man changed the direction of his walk, going up instead of down town. He evidently wished to free the woman from any sense of annoyance. It was evident that the act was fully appreciated by the woman, who accepted the service in the spirit in which it was rendered. Sunday's paper contained a long article on the decadence of American manners. The Spectator, with this incident fresh in his mind, did not read it. Such an incident contradicts volumes.

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The Spectator recently was in an elevated train at the crowded hours. From his seat in the corner he watched the crowd as the car gradually filled on the down-town journey. A family, evidently Hebrews, got in, on their way to or from some festive occasion. The little girls wore white dresses; the

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mother wore a glistening coat of jet and many glittering stones. At the next station a man got in carrying a paper parcel that very evidently contained roses. A lurch of the car threw him into the lap of the Hebrew mother. With a look of reproach and indignation, he rose to his feet totteringly, holding his roses far above his head to prevent injury. The Spectator saw then that the man had been drinking. He had one thought, and only one—to get those roses uninjured to their destination. His eyes flashed with anger when any one pressed near him in passing in or out. Through the crowd at the Brooklyn Bridge he carried the roses. "The pity of it!" was evidently the thought of all who saw him. He was the possessor of gentlemanly instincts, except in self-control. Through the mist of imbecility that enveloped him, the clear white light of love shone clearly.

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The Spectator is a student. He has no set theories. He envies the man or the woman who has solved any problem to his or her satisfaction. The Spectator decides a problem one day only to find that a different combination of those same elements of personal characteristics leaves him without a clue. He has heard philanthropists talk who knew just what elements of character controlled the different grades of society. He admits that he has been startled when he has heard the declaration made that the noblest traits of character prevailed where the environment expressed anything but nobility. He has wondered why it has been his misfortune to find that the environment of the poor he met had seemed to him to produce the natural product of such environment, social opportunity, and education. On a recent Sunday the Spectator took a Third Avenue surface car up-town. As the car approached Canal Street he noticed a crowd congregated on the sidewalk for about half a block on each side of the avenue. As the car came nearer, the motorman rang the bell, evidently to attract the attention of the conductor. The conductor smiled, but it was an unpleasant smile. Just then the Spectator discovered that all the people standing in the street were amused, and wore the same kind of a smile. The cause of the amusement was an old man standing close to the up-town track with a large new trunk. As each car approached he raised this trunk from the ground, and tried to stop the car and board it. He was a Hebrew—thin, old, poor. In all that throng of people not one was willing to explain to him that he would not be allowed to board the cars with that trunk. Bewildered by the crowds, evidently unable to speak our language, cheated by the seller of the trunk, who should have delivered it, he was an object of amusement and ridicule. The whole community suffers when any part of it has lost the sentiment of brotherliness.

❀

The Spectator was the witness a few nights ago of an incident that grew out of the hardness and semi-brutality inseparable from a life spent amid poverty, coarseness, and low standards as to the relations of men and women. It was a windy, cold night, with the rain falling in torrents. The Spectator was one of five passengers in a Third Avenue cable-car going down-town. It was about half-past six in the evening. The other passengers were two women and two children; one a baby such as the Spectator has heard his women friends call a "long baby," meaning one in a long dress. The other child could just walk. The mother was a small, half-starved, discouraged-looking woman. The other woman passenger was strong and well dressed. The poor woman motioned for the car to stop as it approached the Bridge. The conductor immediately brought the car to a stop north of the Bridge road, over which trucks and carts were passing in an almost uninterrupted line, with a like procession crossing diagonally across the tracks toward the south roadway. The rain was falling in torrents, the confusion of men, horses, vehicles, bewildering. The mother of the two babies gave a despairing glance out of the window and rose. Immediately the well-dressed woman rose to her feet, and with a commanding gesture said, "Sit down!" then to the conductor, "Stop at the Bridge, please." Aggressively impudent, the conductor responded, "This is the Bridge." "I beg your pardon, this is not the Bridge. Stop at the crossing." As she said this, the woman looked pointedly at the conductor's number and took out her note-book and pencil. "I am not doing this for myself, but for that woman; I can get through this crowd, she cannot. To me your uniform means service; to her, authority. Stop this car at the crossing to the Bridge." The conductor pulled the bell, with a muttered oath. "Have you a wife and children?" was asked, softly. "Treat that woman as you would want your own wife treated." The car stopped at the crossing, and the Spectator occupied the car alone. There are battles to be fought to secure the rights of the people that demand the courage of recognized war.

There is no war between the Old and New;
The conflict is between the False and True.
—*Henry van Dyke.*

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The Conciliator of Christendom

By I. Zangwill

I.

THE Red Beadle shook his head. "There is nothing but Nature," he said, obstinately, as his hot iron polished the boot between his knees. He was called the Red Beadle because, though his irreligious opinions had long since lost him his synagogue appointment and driven him back to his old work of bootmaking, his beard was still ruddy.

"Yes, but who made Nature?" retorted his new employer, his strange, scholarly face aglow with argument and the flame of the lamp suspended over his bench by strings from the ceiling. The other clickers and riveters of the Spitalfields workshop, in their shocked interest in the problem of the origin of Nature, ceased for an instant breathing in the odors of burnt grease, cobbler's wax, and a coke fire replenished with scraps of leather.

"Nature makes herself," answered the Red Beadle. It was his declaration of faith or of war. Possibly it was the familiarity with divine things which synagogue beadledom involves that had bred his contempt for them. At any rate, he was not now to be coerced by Zussmann Herz, even though he was fully alive to the fact that Zussmann's unique book-lined workshop was the only one that had opened to him when the more pious shoemakers of the Ghetto had professed to be "full up." He was, indeed, surprised to find Zussmann a believer in the Supernatural, having heard whispers that the man was as great an "Epicurean" as himself. Had not Zussmann—aye, and his wigless wife, Hulda, too—not been seen emerging from the mighty Church that stood in frowsy majesty amid its tall, neglected, box-like tombs, and was to the Ghetto merely a topographical point and the chronometric standard? And yet, here was Zussmann, an assiduous attendant at the synagogue of the floor below—nay, a scholar so conversant with Hebrew, not to mention European, lore, that the Red Beadle felt himself a Man-of-the-Earth, only retaining his superiority by remembering that learning does not always mean logic.

"Nature make herself!" Zussmann now retorted with a tolerant smile. "As well say this boot made itself! The theory of Evolution only puts the mystery further back, and already in the Talmud we find—"

"*Nature* made the boot," interrupted the Red Beadle. "Nature made you, and you made the boot. But nobody made Nature."

"But what is Nature?" cried Zussmann. "The garment of God, as Goethe says. Call Him Noumenon with Kant, or Thought and Extension with Spinoza—I care not."

The Red Beadle was awed into temporary silence by these unknown names and ideas, expressed, moreover, in German words foreign to his limited vocabulary of Yiddish.

The room in which Zussmann thought and worked was one of two that he rented from the Christian corn-factor who owned the tall house—a stout Cockney who spent his life bookkeeping in a little office on wheels, but whom the specimens of oats and dog biscuits in his window invested with an air of roseate rurality. This personage drew a little income from the population of his house, whose staircases exhibited strata of children of different social developments, and to which the synagogue on the first floor added a large floating population. Zussmann's attendance thereat was not the only thing in him that astonished the Red Beadle. There was also a gentle deference of manner not usual with masters or with pious persons. His consideration for his employees amounted, in the Beadle's eyes, to maladministration, and the grave loss he sustained through one of his hands selling off a crate of finished goods and flying to America was deservedly due to confidence in another pious person.

II.

Despite the Red Beadle's Rationalism, which, basing itself on the facts of life, was not to be crushed by high-flown German words, the master shoemaker showed him marked favor, and often invited him

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to stay on to supper. Although the Beadle felt this was but the due recognition of one intellect by another, if an inferior intellect, he was at times irrationally grateful for the privilege of a place to spend his evenings in. For the Ghetto had cut him—there could be no doubt of that. The worshipers in his old synagogue whom he had once dominated as Beadle now passed him by with sour looks —"a dog one does not treat thus," the Beadle told himself, tugging miserably at his red beard.

"It is not as if I were a Meshummad—a convert to Christianity." Some hereditary instinct admitted *that* as a just excuse for execration. "I can't make friends with the Christians, and so I am cut off from both."

When, after a thunder-storm, two of the hands resigned their places at Zussmann's benches, on the avowed ground that atheism attracts lightning, Zussmann's loyalty to the freethinker converted the Beadle's gratitude from fitfulness into a steady glow.

And, other considerations apart, those were enjoyable suppers after the toil and grime of the day. The Beadle especially admired Zussmann's hands when the black grease had been washed off them, the fingers were so long and tapering. Why had his own fingers been made so stumpy and square-tipped? Since Nature made herself, why was she so uneven a worker? Nay, why could she not have given him white teeth like Zussmann's wife? Not that these were ostentatious—you thought more of the sweetness of the smile of which they were part. Still, as Nature's irregularity was particularly manifest in his own teeth, he could not help the reflection.

If the Red Beadle had not been a widower, the unfeigned success of the Herz union might have turned his own thoughts to that happy state. As it was, the sight of their happiness occasionally shot through his breast renewed pangs of vain longing for his Leah, whose death from cancer had completed his conception of Nature. Lucky Zussmann, to have found so sympathetic a partner in a pretty female! For Hulda shared Zussmann's dreams, and was even copying out his great work for the press, for business was brisk and he would soon have saved up enough money to print it. The great work, in the secret of which the Red Beadle came to participate, was written in Hebrew, and the elegant curves and strokes would have done honor to a Scribe. The Beadle himself could not understand it, knowing only the formal alphabet such as appears in books and scrolls, but the first peep at it which the proud Zussmann permitted him removed his last disrespect for the intellect of his master, without, however, removing the mystery of that intellect's aberrations.

"But you dream with the eyes open," he said, when the theme of the work was explained to him.

"How so?" asked Hulda, gently, with that wonderful smile of hers.

"Reconcile the Jews and the Christians! *Meshuggas*—madness!" He laughed bitterly. "Do you forget what we went through in Poland? And even here in free England, can you walk in the street without every little *Shegetz* calling after you and asking, 'Who killed Christ?'"

"Yes, but herein my husband explains that it was not the Jews who killed Christ, but Herod and Pilate."

"As it says in Corinthians," broke in Zussmann, eagerly: "'We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, which none of the princes of this world knew; for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory.'"

"So?" said the Red Beadle, visibly impressed.

"Assuredly," affirmed Hulda. "But, as Zussmann explains here, they threw the guilt upon the Jews, who were too afraid of the Romans to deny it."

The Beadle pondered.

"Once the Christians understand that," said Zussmann, pursuing his advantage, "they will stretch out the hand to us."

The Beadle had a flash. "But how will the Christians read you? No Christian understands Hebrew."

Zussmann was taken momentarily aback. "But it is not so much for the Christians," he explained. "It is for the Jews—that they should stretch out the hand to the Christians."

The Red Beadle stared at him in shocked silent amaze. "Still greater madness!" he gasped at length. "They will treat you worse than they treat me."

"Not when they read my book."

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"Just when they read your book."

Hulda was smiling serenely. "They can do nothing to my husband; he is his own master, God be thanked; no one can turn him away."

"They can insult him."

Zussmann shook his head gently. "No one can insult me," he said, simply. "When a dog barks at me, I pity it that it does not know I love it. Now draw to the table. The pickled herring smells well."

But the Red Beadle was unconvinced. "Besides, what should we make it up with the Christians for—the stupid people?" he asked, as he received his steaming coffee-cup from Frau Herz.

"It is a question of the Future of the World," said Zussmann, gravely, as he shared out the herring, which had already been cut into many thin slices by the vender and pickler. "This antagonism is a perversion of the principles of both religions. Shall we allow it to continue forever?"

"It will continue till they both understand that Nature makes herself," said the Red Beadle.

"It will continue till they both understand my husband's book," corrected Hulda.

"Not while Jews live among Christians. Even here they say we take the bread out of the mouths of the Christian shoemakers. If we had our own country, now—"

"Hush!" said Zussmann. "Do you share that materialistic dream? Our realm is spiritual. Nationality—the world stinks with it! Germany for the Germans, Austria for the Austrians. Foreigners to the devil—pah! Egomania posing as patriotism. Human brotherhood is what we stand for. Have you forgotten how the Midrash explains the verse in the Song of Solomon: 'I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love till she please'?"

The Red Beadle, who had never read a line of the Midrash, did not deny that he had forgotten the explanation, but persisted. "And even if we didn't kill Christ, what good will it do to tell the Jews so? It will only make them angry."

"Why so?" said Zussmann, puzzled.

"They will be annoyed to have been punished for nothing."

"But they have not been punished for nothing!" cried Zussmann, setting down his fork in excitement. "They have denied their greatest son. For, as he said in Matthew, 'I come to fulfill the Law of Moses.' Did not all the Prophets, his predecessors, cry out likewise against mere form and sacrifice? Did not the teachers in Israel who followed him likewise insist on a pure heart and a sinless soul? Jesus must be restored to his true place in the glorious chain of Hebrew prophets. As I explain in my chapter on the Philosophy of Religion, which I have founded on Immanuel Kant, the groundwork of Reason is—"

But here the Red Beadle, whose coffee had with difficulty got itself sucked into the right channel, found his voice—

"You have put that into your book?" he gasped.

The wife touched the manuscript with reverent pride. "It all stands here," she said.

"What! Quotations from the New Testament?"

"From our Jewish Apostles?" said Zussmann. "Naturally! On every page."

"Then God help you!" said the Red Beadle.

III.

"The Brotherhood of the Peoples" was published. Though the bill was far heavier than the Hebrew printer's estimate—there being all sorts of mysterious charges for corrections, which took away the last *groschen* of their savings—Hulda and her husband were happy. They had sown the seed, and waited in serene faith the ingathering, the reconciliation of Israel with the Gentiles.

The book, which was in paper covers, was published at a shilling; five hundred copies had been struck off for the edition. After six months the account stood thus: Sales, eighty-four copies; press notices, two, in the jargon papers (printed in the same office as his book, and thus amenable to back-stairs influence). The Jewish papers written in English, which loomed before Zussmann's vision as world-shaking, did not even mention its appearance; perhaps it had been better if the jargon papers had been equally silent, for, though less than one hundred copies of "The Brotherhood of the Peoples" were in cir-

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culation, the book was in everybody's mouth—like a piece of pork to be spat out again shudderingly. The Red Beadle's instinct had been only too sound. The Ghetto, accustomed by this time to insidious attacks on its spiritual citadel, feared writers even bringing Hebrew. Despite the Oriental sandal which the cunning shoemaker had fashioned, his fellow Jews saw the cloven foot. They were not to be deceived by the specious sanctity which Darwin and Schopenhauer—probably Bishops of the Established Church—borrowed from their Hebrew lettering. Why, that was the very trick of the Satans who sprinkled the sacred tongue freely about handbills inviting souls that sought for light to come and find it in the Whitechapel Road between three and seven. It had been abandoned as hopeless even by the thin-nosed gentlewomen who had begun by painting a Hebrew designation over their bureau of beneficence. But the fact that the Ghetto was perspicacious did not mitigate the author's treachery to his race and faith. Zussmann was given violently to understand that his presence in the little synagogue would lead to disturbances in the service. "The Jew needs no house of prayer," he said; "his life is a prayer, his workshop a Temple."

His workmen deserted him one by one as vacancies occurred elsewhere.

"We will get Christians," he said.

But the work itself began to fail. He was dependent upon a large firm whose head was Parnass of a North London congregation, and when one of Zussmann's workers, anxious to set up for himself, went to him with the tale, the contract was transferred to him, and Zussmann's security-deposit returned. But far heavier than all these blows was Hu'da's sudden illness, and though the returned trust-money came in handy to defray the expense of doctors, the outlook was not cheerful. But "I will become a hand myself," said Zussmann, cheerfully. "The annoyance of my brethren will pass away when they really understand my Idea; meantime it is working in them, for even to hate an Idea is to meditate upon it."

The Red Beadle grunted angrily. He could hear Hulda coughing in the next room, and that hurt his chest.

But it was summer now, and quite a considerable strip of blue sky could be seen from the window, and the mote-laden sun-rays that streamed in encouraged Hulda to grow better. She was soon up and about again, but the doctor said her system was thoroughly upset and she ought to have sea air. But that, of course, was impossible now. Hulda herself declared there was much bett r air to be got higher up, in the garret, which was fortunately "to let." It is true there was only one room there. Still, it was much cheaper. The Red Beadle's heart was heavier than the furniture he helped to carry upstairs. But the unsympathetic couple did not share his gloom. They jested and laughed, as light of heart as the excited children on the staircases who assisted at the function. "My idea has raised me nearer heaven," said Zussmann. That night, after the Red Beadle had screwed up the four-poster, he allowed himself to be persuaded to stay to supper. He had given up the habit as soon as Zussmann's finances began to fail.

By way of house-warming, Hulda had ordered in baked potatoes and liver from the cook-shop, and there were also three tepid slices of plum pudding.

"Plum pudding!" cried Zussmann in delight, as his nostrils scented the dainty. "What a good omen for the Idea!"

"How an omen?" inquired the Red Beadle.

"Is not plum pudding associated with Christmas, with peace on earth?"

Hulda's eyes flashed. "Yes, it is a sign—the Brotherhood of the Peoples! The Jew will be the peace-messenger of the world." The Red Beadle ate on skeptically. He had studied "The Brotherhood of the Peoples," to the great improvement of his Hebrew, but with little edification. He had even studied it in Hulda's original manuscript, which he had borrowed and never intended to return. But still he could not share his friends' belief in the perfectibility of mankind. Perhaps if they had known how he had tippled away his savings after his wife's death, they might have thought less well of humanity and its potentialities of perfection. After all, Huldas were too rare to make the world sober, much less fraternal. And, charming as they were, honesty demanded one should not curry favor with them by fostering their delusions.

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"What put such an idea into your head, Zussmann!" he cried, unsympathetically. Zussmann answered naïvely, as if to a question—

"I had the idea from a boy. I remember sitting stocking-footed on the floor of the synagogue in Poland on the Fast of Ab, wondering why we should weep so over the destruction of Jerusalem, which scattered us among the nations as fertilizing seeds. How else should the mission of Israel be fulfilled? I remember"—and here he smiled pensively—"I was awakened from my day-dream by a *patsch* [smack] in the face from my poor old father, who was angry because I wasn't saying the prayers."

"There will be always somebody to give you that *patsch*," said the Red Beadle, gloomily. "But in what way is Israel dispersed? It seems to me our life is everywhere as hidden from the nations as if we were all together in Palestine."

"You touch a great truth! Oh, if I could only write in English! But though I read it almost as easily as the German, I can write it as little. You know how one has to learn German in Poland—by stealth—the Christians jealous on one hand, the Jews suspicious on the other. I could not risk the Christians laughing at my bad German—that would hurt my Idea. And English is a language like the Vale of Siddim—full of pits."

"We ought to have it translated," said Hulda. "Not only for the Christians, but for the rich Jews, who are more liberal-minded than those who live in our quarter."

"But we cannot afford to pay for the translating now," said Zussmann.

"Nonsense; one has always a jewel left," said Hulda.

Zussmann's eyes grew wet. "Yes," he said, drawing her to his breast, "one has always a jewel left."

"More *meshuggas!*" cried the Red Beadle, huskily. "Much the English Jews care about ideas! Did they even acknowledge your book in their journals? But probably they couldn't read it," he added, with a laugh. "A fat lot of Hebrew little Sampson knows. You know little Sampson—he came to report the boot strike for the 'Flag of Judah.' I got into conversation with him—a rank porkgorger. He believes with me that Nature makes herself."

But Zussmann was scarcely eating, much less listening.

"You have given me a new scheme, Hulda," he said, with exaltation. "I will send my book to the leading English Jews—yes, especially to the ministers. They will see my Idea, they will spread it abroad; they will convert first the Jews and then the Christians."

"Yes, but they will give it as their own Idea," said Hulda.

"And what then? He who has faith in an Idea, his Idea it is. How great for me to have had the Idea first! Is not that enough to thank God for? If only my Idea gets spread in English! English! Have you ever thought what that means, Hulda? The language of the future! Already the language of the greatest nations, and the most on the lips of men everywhere—in a century it will cover the world." He murmured in Hebrew, uplifting his eyes to the rain-streaked sloping ceiling, "And in that day God shall be One, and His name One."

"Your supper is getting cold," said Hulda, gently.

He began to wield his knife and fork as hypnotized by her suggestion, but his vision was inwards.

IV.

Fifty copies of "The Brotherhood of the Peoples" went off by post the next day to the clergy and gentry of the larger Jewry. In the course of the next fortnight seventeen of the recipients acknowledged the receipt with formal thanks; four sent the shilling mentioned on the cover, and one sent five shillings. This last depressed Zussmann more than all the others. "Does he take me for a *Schnorrer?*" he said, almost angrily, as he returned the postal order.

He did not foresee the day when, a *Schnorrer* indeed, he would have taken five shillings from anybody who could afford it; had no prophetic intuition of that long, slow progression of penurious days which was to break down his spirit. For though he managed for a time to secure enough work to keep himself and the Red Beadle going, his ruin was only delayed. Little by little his apparatus was sold off, his benches and polishing-

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irons vanished from the garret, only one indispensable set remaining, and master and man must needs quest each for himself for work elsewhere. The Red Beadle dropped out of the ménage, and was reduced to semi-starvation. Zussmann and Hulda, by the gradual disposal of their bits of jewelry and their Sabbath garments, held out a little longer, and Hulda also got some sewing of children's undergarments. But with the return of winter Hulda's illness returned, and then the beloved books began to leave bare the nakedness of the plastered walls. At first, Hulda, refusing to be visited by doctors who charged, struggled out bravely through rain and fog to a free dispensary, where she was jostled by a crowd of head-shawled Polish crones, and where a harassed Christian physician, tired of jargon-speaking Jewesses, bawled and bullied. But at last Hulda grew too ill to stir out, and Zussmann, still out of employment, was driven to look about him for help. Charities enough there were in the Ghetto, but to charity, as to work, one requires an apprenticeship. He knew vaguely that there were persons who had the luck to be ill and to get broths and jellies. To others, also, a board of guardian angels doled out payments, though some one had once told him you had scant chance unless you were a Dutchman. But the inexperienced in begging are naturally not so successful as those always at it. 'Twas vain for Zussmann to kick his heels among the dismal crowd in the corridor—the whisper of his misdeeds had been before him, borne by some competitor in the fierce struggle for assistance. What! help a hypocrite to sit on the twin stools of Christendom and Judaism, fed by the bounty of both! In this dark hour he was approached by the thin-nosed gentlewomen, who had got wind of his book and who scented souls. Zussmann wavered. Why, indeed, should he refuse their assistance? He knew their self-sacrificing days, their genuine joy in salvation. On their generosities he was far better posted than on Jewish—the lurid legend of these Mephistophelean matrons included blankets, clothes, port wine, and all the delicacies of the season. He admitted that Hulda had indeed been brought low, and permitted them to call. Then he went home to cut dry bread for the bedridden, emaciated creature who had once been beautiful, and to comfort her—for it was Friday evening—by reading the Sabbath prayers; winding up, "A virtuous woman who can find? For her price is far above rubies."

On the forenoon of the next day arrived a basket, scenting the air with delicious odors of exquisite edibles.

Zussmann received it with delight from the boy who bore it. "God bless them!" he said. "A chicken—grapes—wine. Look, Hulda!"

Hulda raised herself in bed; her eyes sparkled, a flush of color returned to the wan cheeks.

"Where do these come from?" she asked.

Zussmann hesitated. Then he told her they were the harbingers of a visit from the good sisters.

The flush in her cheek deepened to scarlet.

"My poor Zussmann!" she cried, reproachfully. "Give them back—give them back at once! Call after the boy."

"Why?" stammered Zussmann.

"Call after the boy!" she repeated, imperatively. "Good God! If the ladies were to be seen coming up here, it would be all over with your Idea. And on the Sabbath, too! People already look upon you as a tool of the missionaries. Quick! quick!"

His heart aching with mingled love and pain, he took up the basket and hurried after the boy. Hulda sank back on her pillow with a sigh of relief.

"Dear heart!" she thought, as she took advantage of his absence to cough freely. "For me he does what he would starve rather than do for himself. A nice thing to imperil his Idea—the dream of his life! When the Jews see he makes no profit by it, they will begin to consider it. If he did not have the burden of me, he would not be tempted. He could go out more, and find work farther afield. This must end—I must die or be on my feet again soon."

Zussmann came back, empty-handed and heavy-hearted.

"Kiss me, my own life!" she cried. "I shall be better soon."

He bent down and touched her hot, dry lips. "Now I see," she whispered, "why

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God did not send us children. We thought it was an affliction, but lo! it is that your Idea shall not be hindered."

"The English Rabbis have not yet drawn attention to it," said Zussmann, huskily.

"All the better," replied Hulda. "One day it will be translated into English—I know it, I feel it here." She touched her chest, and the action made her cough.

Going out later for a little fresh air, at Hulda's insistence, he was stopped in the broad hall on which the stairs debouched by Cohen, the ground-floor tenant, a black-bearded Russian Jew pompous in Sabbath broadcloth.

"What's the matter with my milk?" abruptly asked Cohen, who supplied the local trade besides selling retail. "You might have complained, instead of taking your custom out of the house. Believe me, I don't make a treasure-heap out of it. One has to be up at Euston to meet the trains in the middle of the night, and the competition is so cut-throat that one has to sell at a penny a pint. And on Sabbath one earns nothing at all. And then the analyst comes poking his nose into the milk."

"You see—my wife—my wife—is ill," stammered Zussmann. "So she doesn't drink it."

"Hum!" said Cohen. "Well, *you* might oblige me, then. I have so much left over every day, it makes my reputation turn quite sour. Do, do me a favor and let me send you up a can of the leavings every night. For nothing, of course; would I talk business on the Sabbath? I don't like to be seen pouring it away. It would pay me to pay *you* a penny a pint," he wound up, emphatically.

Zussmann accepted unsuspiciously, grateful to Providence for enabling him to benefit at once himself and his neighbor. He bore a can upstairs now and explained the situation to the shrewder Hulda, who, however, said nothing but, "You see the Idea commences to work. When the book first came out, didn't he—though he sells secretly to the trade on Sabbath mornings—call you an Epicurean?"

"Worse," said Zussmann, joyously, with a flash of recollection.

He went out again, lightened and exalted.

"Yes, the Idea works," he said as he came out into the gray street. "The Brotherhood of the Peoples will come, not in my time, but it will come." And he murmured again the Hebrew aspiration: "In that day shall God be One, and His name One."

"Whoa! where's your —— eyes?"

Awakened by the oath, he just got out of the way of a huge Flemish dray-horse dragging a brewer's cart. Three ragged Irish urchins, who had been buffeting each other with whirling hats knotted into the ends of dingy handkerchiefs, relaxed their enmities in a common rush for the projecting ladder behind the dray, and collided with Zussmann on the way. A one-legged, misery-eyed hunchback offered him penny diaries. He shook his head in impotent pity, and passed on, pondering.

"In time God will make the crooked straight," he thought.

Jews with tall black hats and badly made frock-coats slouched along, their shoulders bent. Wives stood at the open doors of the old houses, some in Sabbath finery, some flaunting irreligiously their every-day shabbiness, without troubling even to arrange their one dress differently, as a pious Rabbi recommended. They looked used-up and haggard, all these mothers in Israel. But there were dark-eyed damsels still gay and fresh, with artistic bodices of violet and green picked out with gold arabesque.

He turned a corner and came into a narrow street that throbbed with the joyous melody of a piano-organ. His heart leapt up. The roadway bubbled with Jewish children, mainly girls, footing it gleefully in the graying light, inventing complex steps with a grace and an abandon that lit their eyes with sparkles and painted deeper flushes on their olive cheeks. A bounding little bow-legged girl seemed unconscious of her deformity; her toes met each other as though in merry dexterity.

Zussmann's eyes were full of tears. "Dance on, dance on!" he murmured. "God shall indeed make the crooked straight."

Fixed to one side of the piano-organ on the level of the handle he saw a little box, in which lay, as in a cradle, what looked like a monkey, then like a doll, but on closer inspection turned into a tiny live child, flaxen-haired, staring with wide

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gray eyes from under a blue cap, and sucking at a milk-bottle with preternatural placidity, regardless of the music throbbing through its resting-place.

"Even so shall humanity live," thought Zussmann; "peaceful as a babe, cradled in music. God hath sent me a sign."

He returned home comforted, and told Hulda of the sign.

"Was it an Italian child?" she asked.

"An English child," he answered. "Fair-eyed and fair-haired."

"Then it is a sign that through the English tongue shall the Idea move the world. Your book will be translated into English—I shall live to see it."

V.

A few afternoons later the Red Beadle, his patched garments pathetically spruced up, came to see his friends, goaded by the news of Hulda's illness. There was no ruddiness in his face, the lips of which were pressed together in defiance of a cruel and credulous world. That Nature in making herself should have produced creatures who attributed their creation elsewhere, and who refused to allow her one acknowledger to make boots, was indeed a proof, albeit vexatious, of her blind workings.

When he saw what she had done to Hulda and to Zussmann, his lips were pressed tighter, but as much to keep back a sob as to express extra resentment.

But on parting he could not help saying to Zussmann, who accompanied him to the dark spider-webbed landing, "Your God has forgotten you."

"Do you mean that men have forgotten Him?" replied Zussmann. "If I am come to poverty, my suffering is in the scheme of things. Do you not remember what the Almighty says to Eleazar ben Pedos, in the Talmud, when the Rabbi complains of poverty? 'Wilt thou be satisfied if I overthrow the universe, so that perhaps thou mayest be created again in a time of plenty?' No, no, my friend, we must trust the scheme."

"But the fools enjoy prosperity," said the Red Beadle.

"It is only a fool who *would* enjoy prosperity," replied Zussmann. "If the righteous sometimes suffer and the wicked sometimes flourish, that is just the very condition of virtue. What! would you have righteousness always pay and wickedness always fail! Where then would be the virtue in virtue? It would be a mere branch of commerce. Do you forget what the Rabbis said of the man who foreknew in his lifetime that for him there was to be no heaven? 'What a unique and enviable chance that man had of doing right without fear of reward!'"

The Red Beadle, as usual, acquiesced in the idea that he had forgotten these quotations from the Hebrew, but to acquiesce in their teachings was another matter. "A man who had no hope of heaven would be a fool not to enjoy himself," he said, doggedly, and went downstairs, his heart almost bursting. He went straight to his old synagogue, where he knew a *Hesped* or funeral service on a famous *Maggid* [preacher] was to be held. He could scarcely get in, so dense was the throng. Not a few eyes, wet with tears, were turned angrily on him as on a mocker come to gloat, but he hastened to weep too, which was easy when he thought of Hulda coughing in her bed in the garret. So violently did he weep that the *Gabbai* or treasurer—one of the most pious master-bootmakers—gave him the Peace salutation after the service.

"I did not expect to see you weeping," said he.

"Alas!" answered the Red Beadle. "It is not only the fallen Prince in Israel that I weep; it is my own transgressions that are brought home to me by his sudden end. How often have I heard him thunder and lighten from this very pulpit!" He heaved a deep sigh at his own hypocrisy, and the *Gabbai* sighed in response. "Even from the grave the *Tsaddik* [saint] works good," said the pious master-bootmaker. "May my latter end be like his!"

"Mine too!" suspired the Red Beadle. "How blessed am I not to have been cut off in my sin, denying the Maker of Nature!" They walked along the street together.

The next morning, at the luncheon hour, a breathless Beadle, with a red beard and a very red face, knocked joyously at the door of the Herz garret.

"I am in work again," he explained.

"*Mazzeltov!*" Zussmann gave him the Hebrew congratulation, but softly, with finger on lip, to indicate Hulda was asleep.

"With whom?"

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"Harris the *Gabbai*."

"Harris! What, despite your opinions?" The Red Beadle looked away.

"So it seems!"

"Thank God!" said Hulda. "The Idea works."

Both men turned to the bed, startled to see her sitting up with a rapt smile.

"How so?" said the Red Beadle, uneasily. "I am not a *Goy* [Christian] befriended by a *Gabbai*."

"No, but it is the brotherhood of humanity."

"Bother the brotherhood of humanity, Frau Herz!" said the Red Beadle, gruffly. He glanced round the denuded room. "The important thing is that you will now be able to have a few delicacies."

"*I*?" Hulda opened her eyes wide.

"Who else? What I earn is for all of us."

"God bless you!" said Zussmann; "but you have enough to do to keep yourself."

"Indeed he has!" said Hulda. "We couldn't dream of taking a farthing!" But her eyes were wet.

"I insist!" said the Red Beadle.

She thanked him sweetly, but held firm.

"I will advance the money on loan till Zussmann gets work."

Zussmann wavered, his eyes beseeching her, but she was inflexible.

The Red Beadle lost his temper. "And this is what you call the brotherhood of humanity!"

"He is right, Hulda. Why should we not take from one another? Pride perverts brotherhood."

"Dear husband," said Hulda, "it is not pride to refuse to rob the poor. Besides, what delicacies do I need? Is not this a land flowing with milk?"

"You take Cohen's milk and refuse my honey!" shouted the Red Beadle, unappeased.

"Give me of the honey of your tongue and I shall not refuse it," said Hulda, with that wonderful smile of hers which showed the white teeth Nature had made; the smile which, as always, melted the Beadle's mood. That smile could always repair all the ravages of disease and give back her memoried face.

After the Beadle had been at work a day or two in the *Gabbai's* workshop he broached the matter of a fellow-penitent, one Zussmann Herz, with no work and a bedridden wife.

"That *Meshummad!*" [apostate] cried the *Gabbai*. "He deserves all that God has sent him."

Undaunted, the Red Beadle demonstrated that the man could not be of the missionary camp, else had he not been left to starve, one converted Jew being worth a thousand pounds of fresh subscriptions. Moreover, he, the Red Beadle, had now convinced the man of his spiritual errors, and "The Brotherhood of the Peoples" was no longer on sale. Also, being unable to leave his wife's bedside, Zussmann would do the work at home below the Union rates prevalent in public. So, trade being brisk, the *Gabbai* relented and bargained, and the Red Beadle sped to his friend's abode and flew up the four flights of stairs.

"Good news!" he cried. "The *Gabbai* wants another hand, and he is ready to take you."

"Me?" Zussmann was paralyzed with joy and surprise.

"Now will you deny that the Idea works?" cried Hulda, her face flushed and her eyes glittering. And she fell a-coughing.

"You are right, Hulda; you are always right," cried Zussmann, in responsive radiance. "Thank God! Thank God!"

"God forgive me," muttered the Red Beadle.

"Go at once, Zussmann," said Hulda. "I shall do very well here—this has given me strength. I shall be up in a day or two."

"No, no, Zussmann," said the Beadle, hurriedly. "There is no need to leave your wife. I have arranged it all. The *Gabbai* does not want you to come there or to speak to him, because, though the Idea works in him, the other 'hands' are not yet so large-minded. I am to bring you the orders, and I shall come here to fetch them."

The set of tools to which Zussmann clung in desperate hope made the plan both feasible and pleasant.

And so the Red Beadle's visits resumed their ancient frequency even as his Sabbath clothes resumed their ancient gloss, and every week's-end he paid over Zussmann's wages to him—full Union rate.

But Hulda, although she now accepted illogically the Red Beadle's honey in

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various shapes, did not appear to progress as much as the Idea, or as the new book which she stimulated Zussmann to start for its further propagation.

VI.

One Friday evening of December, when miry snow under foot and grayish fog all around combined to make Spitalfields a malarious marsh, the Red Beadle, coming in with the week's wages, found to his horror a doctor hovering over Hulda's bed like the shadow of death.

From the look that Zussmann gave him he saw a sudden change for the worse had set in. The cold of the weather seemed to strike right to his heart. He took the sufferer's limp, chill hand.

"How goes it?" he said, cheerily.

"A trifle weak. But I shall be better soon."

He turned away. Zussmann whispered to him that the doctor who had been called in that morning had found the crisis so threatening that he was come again in the evening.

The Red Beadle, grown very white, accompanied the doctor downstairs, and learnt that with care the patient might pull through.

The Beadle felt like tearing out his red beard. "And to think that I have not yet arranged the matter!" he thought, distractedly.

He ran through the gray bleak night to the office of the "Flag of Judah;" but as he was crossing the threshold he remembered that it was the eve of the Sabbath, and that neither little Sampson nor anybody else would be there. But little Sampson *was* there, working busily.

"Hullo! Come in," he said, astonished.

The Red Beadle had already struck up a drinking acquaintanceship with the little journalist, in view of the great negotiation he was plotting. Not in vain did the proverbial wisdom of the Ghetto bid one beware of the red-haired.

"Won't keep you five minutes," apologized little Sampson. "But, you see, Christmas comes next week, and the compositors won't work. So I have to invent the news in advance."

Presently little Sampson, lighting an unhallowed cigarette by way of Sabbath lamp, and slinging on his shabby cloak, repaired with the Red Beadle to a restaurant, where he ordered "forbidden" food for himself and drinks for both.

The Red Beadle felt his way so cautiously and cunningly that the negotiation was unduly prolonged. After an hour or two, however, all was settled. For five pounds, paid in five monthly installments, Little Sampson would translate "The Brotherhood of the Peoples" into English, provided the Beadle would tell him what the Hebrew meant. This the Beadle, from his loving study of Hulda's manuscript, was now prepared for. Little Sampson also promised to run the translation through the "Flag of Judah," and thus the Beadle could buy the plates cheap for book purposes, with only the extra cost of printing such passages, if any, as were too dangerous for the "Flag of Judah.' This unexpected generosity, coupled with the new audience it offered the Idea, enchanted the Red Beadle. He did not see that the journalist was getting gratuitous "copy;" he saw only the bliss of Hulda and Zussmann, and in some strange exaltation, compact of whisky and affection, he shared in their vision of the miraculous spread of the Idea, once it had got into the dominant language of the world.

In his gratitude to Little Sampson he plied him with fresh whisky; in his excitement he drew the paper-covered book from his pocket, and insisted that the journalist must translate the first page then and there, as a hansel. By the time it was done it was near eleven o'clock. Vaguely the Red Beadle felt that it was too late to return to Zussmann's to-night. Besides, he was liking Little Sampson very much. They did not separate till the restaurant closed at midnight.

Quite drunk, the Red Beadle staggered towards Zussmann's house. He held the page of the translation tightly in his hand. The Hebrew original he had forgotten on the restaurant table, but he knew, in some troubled nightmare way, that Zussmann and Hulda must see that paper at once, that he had been charged to deliver it safely, and must die sooner than disobey.

The fog had lifted, but the heaps of snow were a terrible hindrance to his erratic progression. The cold air and the shock of a fall lessened his inebriety, but the imperative impulse of his imaginary

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mission still hypnotized him. It was past one before he reached the tall house. He did not think it at all curious that the great outer portals should be open; nor, though he saw the milk-cart at the door, and noted Cohen's uncomfortable look, did he remember that he had discovered the milk-purveyor nocturnally infringing the Sabbath. He stumbled up the stairs and knocked at the garret door, through the chinks of which light streamed. The thought of Hulda smote him almost sober. Zussmann's face, when the door opened, restored him completely to his senses. It was years older.

"She is not dead?" the visitor whispered, hoarsely.

"She is dying, I fear—she cannot rouse herself." Zussmann's voice broke in a sob.

"But she must not die—I bring great news—the 'Flag of Judah' has read your book—it will translate it into English—it will print it in its own paper—and then it will make a book of it for you. See, here is the beginning!"

"Into English!" breathed Zussmann, taking the little journalist's scrawl. His whole face grew crimson, his eye shone as with madness. "Hulda! Hulda!" he cried, "the Idea works! God be thanked! English! Through the world! Hulda! Hulda!" He was bending over her, raising her head.

She opened her eyes.

"Hulda! the Idea wins. The book is coming out in English. The great English paper will print it. In that day God shall be One, and His name One. Do you understand?" Her lips twitched faintly, but only her eyes spoke with the light of love and joy. His own look met hers, and for a moment husband and wife were one in a spiritual ectasy.

Then the light in Hulda's eyes went out, and the two men were left in darkness.

The Red Beadle turned away, and left Zussmann to his dead, and, with scalding tears running down his cheek, pulled up the cotton window-blind and gazed out unseeing into the night.

Presently his vision cleared: he found himself watching the milk-cart drive off, and, following it towards the frowsy avenue of Brick Lane, he beheld what seemed to be a drunken fight in progress. He saw a policeman, gesticulating females, the nondescript nocturnal crowd of the sleepless city. The old dull hopelessness came over him. "Nature makes herself," he murmured in despairing resignation.

Suddenly he became aware that Zussmann was beside him, looking up at the stars.

The Theology of an Evolutionist

X.—Evolution and Miracles

By Lyman Abbott

ARE miracles consistent with the doctrine of evolution? This is the question I propose to consider in this paper. It is no part of my purpose to show that the miracles recorded in the Bible actually took place; only to consider whether belief that they took place is inconsistent with belief in evolution as "God's way of doing things." In fact, I believe that some of the events there recorded, and generally regarded as miraculous, did take place; that others there recorded or referred to did not take place; and concerning others there recorded I am by no means certain whether they took place as recorded or not. I believe in the resurrection of Jesus Christ as the best-attested fact of ancient history; I do not believe that the sun stood still and the moon stayed in the valley of Ajalon at Joshua's command; and I am uncertain as to what interpretation is to be given to the wonderful stories in the Book of Daniel—whether they are to be regarded as Dean Farrar regards them, as "lofty moral fiction," or as essentially historical, or as partly imaginative and partly historical. It is proper, however, to say that, in my judgment our hypotheses must always be conformed to attested facts; we must not determine whether we will accept the evidence as to facts by considering whether they agree with our preconceived hypothesis. If I were con-

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vinced, for example, that the resurrection of Jesus Christ is not consistent with the doctrine of evolution, I should be compelled to abandon or modify that doctrine; I should not abandon my belief in the resurrection. That resurrection I regard as a *fact;* evolution as a theory—on the whole, the best theory of "God's way of doing things" yet proposed by philosophic thinkers—the latest word and the best word of science, but not necessarily its last or final word. This may seem to be a digression, but if so it is a necessary digression—necessary to enable the reader to understand the purpose with which this paper is written and the point of view of the writer.

Are miracles consistent with the hypothesis of evolution? To answer this question we must first clearly understand what is a miracle.

The word miracle is a translation—or rather a transliteration—of the Latin word *miraculum*, meaning marvel. This word was used in the fourth century, in the Vulgate or Latin translation of the Bible, to translate a Greek word which should have been translated *signum* or *sign*. Superstition had already entered the Church to misinterpret the Scriptures and degrade primitive Christianity, and the influence of this degradation is seen in the translation in the fourth century of a Greek word meaning *sign* by a Latin word meaning *marvel*. The Greek word meaning marvel *(thauma)* is never used in the New Testament to designate what we now call miracles. They are never regarded as mere marvels. The very word miracle is a verbal infelicity—an inheritance from a corrupt epoch, bringing with it a corruption of Christian simplicity.

There are in the original Greek New Testament four words used by the sacred writers to designate the supernatural events which we now infelicitously call miracles. They are respectively rendered "wonder," "work," "power," and "sign." But the word "wonder" itself imperfectly represents the original Greek word so translated, for that word signifies not so much an event exciting wonder as an event attracting attention. Moreover, as if the inspired writers feared exactly what has taken place—the substitution of an appeal to mere marvelousness or wonder for the appeal to the truth signified by the sign—the word rendered *wonder* is very rarely used except in combination with the word *sign*, as in the familiar phrase, "signs and wonders." Our first answer, then, to the question, What is a miracle? is that it is not a mere marvel. The New Testament knows nothing of thaumaturgy except to condemn it as superstition. It never treats a marvel as a miracle. It never confounds reverence for a truth or a person with astonishment at an event. If Professor Huxley had considered these simple facts, he possibly never would have written his "Essay on the Value of Witnesses to the Miraculous," in which he confounds marvels and the New Testament miracles, which from the New Testament point of view have nothing in common. If our English version had been first translated from the Greek into the English without the intervention of the Vulgate, the word miracle would probably never have appeared in our language to puzzle some and befog others. Dropping, then, for the moment this infelicitous word, and going back to the New Testament writings, we find used in them to designate those extraordinary events which we are now accustomed to designate by the word miracle, these four words, "wonder," "work," "power," and "sign." We may safely assume that any event which fulfills the meaning of these four words is a miracle within the meaning of the sacred writers; and we may perhaps safely add that no event is a miracle unless it does fulfill their fourfold meaning.

Such an event must be a *wonder*—that is, an event compelling attention by awakening surprise and exciting at least the spirit of inquiry, as the burning bush compelled the attention of Moses, and led him to say, "I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." It must be a *work*—that is, an achievement, the accomplishment of some beneficent purpose. The devil calls on Jesus to cast himself down from the pinnacle of the Temple, for God will bear him up so that he will not dash his foot against a stone; thus all the people will see his divinity and be conquered by the wonder. Jesus Christ refuses. This would be a marvel, but it would not be a work, and the signs of his divinity must all lie in the achievement of worthy ends. It must

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be a *power*—that is, it must indicate a power more than human; thus when the paralytic is healed, the people "glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion," or, on another occasion, witnessing the healing of the sick by Jesus, they perceived "the power of Jehovah was present to heal them." Finally, it must be a *sign* that is the indication or attestation of a divine message or messenger. So Caiaphas says, "This man doeth many *signs;* if we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him." Following this clue in our endeavor to ascertain what the New Testament writers mean us to understand are the distinguishing characteristics of the events which we call miracles—but which they never call so—we shall not be far astray if we combine these four words and define the events as follows: An event compelling attention and awakening *wonder*, indicating superhuman *power*, accomplishing some practical *work*—generally, at least in the New Testament, beneficent in its character—and furnishing a *sign* of a divine message or messenger.

If this definition is correct, we may dismiss at once such assertions as that of Renan, "Jesus had to choose between these two alternatives, either to renounce his mission or to become a wonder-worker," or that of Professor Huxley: "Jesus is exhibited (in the Second Gospel) as a wonder-worker and exorcist of the first rank."[1] Wonder-worker was exactly what Jesus was not, and constantly refused to be. He was continually appealed to to work wonders in attestation of his mission, and as constantly declined. When his sympathy was appealed to, and by his superhuman power he could do a deed of mercy, as by the healing of the paralytic, the cure of the leper or the blind, or the raising of the dead, he would not refuse. He did not decline to give men help because the help given would excite wonder, but he did invariably refuse to perform works for the sake of exciting wonder. With the possible exception of the story of the money found in the fish's mouth by Peter at Jesus's direction—a story for that very reason to be regarded with doubt—every so-called miracle was a use of his power in a work of love. It did excite wonder, and it became a sign of his mission; but it was never done to excite wonder, and it may be boldly affirmed that it would have been no true sign of his mission if it had been wrought for the ignoble purpose of exciting wonder. We may for the same reason dismiss summarily such stories of ecclesiastical miracles as those which Professor Huxley has gathered and rehearsed in the Essay above referred to. Marvels they doubtless are; but they are neither *works* nor *signs*. There is no parallel between them and the New Testament so-called miracles, except that both are unusual events. Professor Huxley narrates as an illustration of an ecclesiastical miracle the story of Eginhard, about A.D. 830, who, about to remove certain sacred relics from a chest unworthy of so great a treasure, beheld this "stupendous miracle, worthy of all admiration. For just as when it is going to rain, pillars and slabs and marble images exude moisture, and, as it were, sweat, so the chest which contained the most sacred relics was found moist with blood exuding on all sides." A marvel this certainly was, but it had no other characteristic of a New Testament so called miracle; it was not a *work*, for it accomplished nothing, nor a *sign* of superhuman power, for it indicated nothing. It was simply a marvel, nothing more. Whether we believe or disbelieve it is, morally, wholly immaterial; it attests no truth.

Certain events in the Old Testament, which have been regarded as miracles, fall into the same category of mere marvels. The reason for believing that the story of Jonah and the great fish is a satirical fiction, not a history, is partly its literary structure; it is also partly the nature of the marvel related. Marvel the swallowing and preservation of the prophet certainly is; but miracle in the New Testament sense it as certainly is not. For it was not a sign—not to the sailors, for they knew nothing of it; not to the people of Nineveh, for they knew nothing of it; not to Jonah, for he needed no sign of Jehovah's presence and power, having already confessed both in asking the sailors to cast him into the sea. No mere marvel is a miracle in the New Testament sense of that term. Nothing is such a miracle unless it is a beneficent work, and one which constitutes a sign of a divine

[1] Renan's "Life of Jesus," Chapter XVI., Science and Christian Tradition; Huxley's "Essays," Preface, p. xxiii.

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truth or person. The question, then, I repeat, is this: Is belief that God has thus attested a divine message or messenger by remarkable works of love and power inconsistent with evolution? that is, with the belief that His way of doing things is the way of working from within outward and in accordance with regular laws, not the way of working from without mechanically and by successive interventions?

That belief in the miracles is inconsistant with the notion that God created amœbæ, and amœbæ did the rest, is plain enough; but, then, no intelligent and honest reader of these papers can really suppose that this is what the writer of them means by evolution; and it would hardly seem that any one familiar with the English language in its modern uses could suppose that this is what any modern writer means by evolution. It ought not to be necessary—to honest and intelligent readers of this entire series it is not necessary—to restate my theistic faith. But it may be necessary to repeat here what has been said before, in order to avoid misapprehension in the minds of those who have not read the previous articles, or who do not recall them and keep in mind the writer's point of view. That view is, first, that God is the one universal and always present Cause; that there are no secondary causes. It is, second, that God's method of manifesting his eternal presence is the method of growth, not of manufacture, by a power dwelling within nature and working outward, not by a power dwelling without and working upon nature. Belief in miracles is belief that there have been in history certain wonderful works of love which have attested the divine presence; belief in evolution is belief that growth is "God's way of doing things." Are these two beliefs inconsistent?

In considering this question I start with Herbert Spencer's axiom that "We are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." This Energy is personal; not *It*, but *He;* an Energy with individual consciousness; an Energy which thinks, feels, wills. He transcends all phenomena, but dwells in them and manifests Himself through them, somewhat (the analogy is imperfect, as all analogies between the finite and the infinite must be imperfect) as the soul transcends the body, yet dwells within it, animating and controlling it. He is a Word, ever manifesting Himself; never from eternity has He been a Brahma, dwelling in unconsciousness; always a Jehovah, putting forth his power in self-manifestations. Not at some remote creative period did He thus manifest Himself in Nature, creating forces then and leaving them to operate automatically thereafter; all forces are the one Eternal Force; all days are Creative Days; all growth has the secret of its process in His perpetual presence. In this self-manifestation He has brought into life moral beings like Himself in this, that they also think, feel, will; like Himself, therefore, in possessing personality, consciousness, freedom, and, therefore, moral character. In these men, His children, formed by Him, but by processes of growth, not by processes of manufacture, out of pre-existing forms by His indwelling, not out of dead and undivine things by external handiwork, He has further revealed Himself. He has in their consciousness spoken, in their reason inspired His thoughts, in their hearts His love, in their will His purpose. He has done this pre-eminently in one chosen race, and in that race pre-eminently in chosen prophets. Why He chose them it is needless here to inquire. Perhaps because He chose them, and for no other reason whatever—so says the Calvinist; perhaps because He foresaw in them adaptation to be recipients of His higher life and revelators of it to their brethren—so says the Arminian. At length, when the fullness of time came, He who had spoken in men, and revealed Himself through men in fragmentary ways and in divers manners, enters one chosen Man, fills him full of Himself, dwells in him, and through this Man, Christ Jesus, carries still further that manifestation of Himself for which through the ages He had been preparing, and from which by the same power of indwelling He will carry on this self-manifestation until it is completed in a race of men worthy to be called the children of God—that is, a race which in all their characteristics has evidently, unmistakably, unquestionably not merely been *made* by Him, but *proceeded* from Him, so that they are in very truth

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partakers of His nature, companions of His life, manifestations of His character.

Is there anything in this conception of life as a continuous, consistent manifestation of God, all of it proceeding from Him, all of it having for its object a manifestation of Him, and all of it proceeding in a normal and regular manner, along the line of cause and effect—is there anything in this inconsistent with belief that in the life of the Divine Man there were unusual manifestations of the Eternal Power, such as arrested attention then and served then and since as a sign of the eternal truth that God is in his world working out its redemption?

The opinion that a miracle is a violation of the laws of nature is inconsistent with evolution; the opinion that there have ever been any manifestations of God is inconsistent with atheistic evolution. But the opinion that God has manifested Himself in unusual ways is not inconsistent with belief that He is always manifesting Himself in all conceivable ways in the ordinary processes of life.

For let it be remembered again that a miracle is not a manifestation of an unusual power, but an unusual manifestation of a continuous power. It is sometimes said that all nature is a miracle. If a miracle is simply a sign of superhuman power, that is true. There is really no greater manifestation of God in the multiplication of five loaves and two small fishes into food sufficient to feed five thousand than in the multiplication of a bushel of seed-corn into a hundred bushels; no greater revelation of His lifegiving power in a resurrection than in a birth. The only difference between the two is that one is common and the other uncommon. And this answers the question which Renan asks, Why are not miracles repeated? The reply is, If they were repeated they would cease to be miracles. A miracle constantly repeated becomes a process of nature. What distinguishes a miracle from a process of nature is simply that it is not repeated; it is extraordinary, and for that reason attracts attention. If resurrection from the dead were as common as awaking from sleep, we should think as little of it. The chief reason why modern thinkers find it difficult to believe in what we call miracles is either because we have blindly accepted the too common definition of miracles as a violation of the laws of nature, or because we have confounded them with mere marvels and wonders, or because we have thought of God as an absentee God, and the miracle as the token of an exceptional presence. The doctrine of evolution, understood as a doctrine of Divine Immanence, the conception of life as a continuous and uninterrupted manifestation of God, will remove these philosophical objections to the miraculous, conceived as unusual manifestations of Him. When we believe that all phenomena are directed to a spiritual purpose, and that the object of all life is to manifest the Eternal Presence, we shall not be surprised to find special manifestations in history of that Presence in order to serve that spiritual purpose.

For evolution does not teach that the processes of what we call nature cannot be brought under spiritual control. On the contrary, it shows their operation under the spiritual control of man; guided and directed to a definite purpose by human intelligence and human will. Evolution is carried on by what we call natural selection up to the point when man appears upon the scene; then man himself begins to direct, control, modify, regulate evolution. He shapes it as he will; his intelligence masters it and directs it. He determines whether the soil shall produce a rose or a lily, an oak or an elm. He finds a prairie strewed with grass and wild-flowers, and out of that same prairie he evolves this year a corn-field, next year a wheat-field. Early travelers tell us of a great American desert, apparently useless to man, which extended from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains. It has now become a fertile and prosperous region. Man has made this former wilderness to bloom and blossom as a rose. He has used the forces of nature, has conformed to the laws of nature, and thus has regulated the evolutionary processes of nature. In thus directing them to a predetermined end, he follows in the footsteps of One greater than he is. The charcoal-burners in the mountains, who fell the trees and burn them in a furnace in which very little oxygen is admitted, are simply imitating on a small scale what in the far-off centuries God did when he turned the great

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trees of the carboniferous era into coal. Out of this coal formerly men distilled the illuminating oil. They did but repeat what God had done in the former ages when he filled the subterranean reservoirs with a like material by a similar process. Our dynamo—a magnetic wheel revolving with great rapidity in a magnetic field—imitates God's dynamo; for now we know that this globe on which we live is itself a great magnet, and is itself revolving in a magnetic field. The growths of the past have been under the supervision of a controlling will, directed by intelligence to benevolent ends. The processes of nature and of civilization combine to demonstrate beyond all question that matter is subordinate to spirit. If by nature is meant the physical realm, then the supernatural is not only about us but within us. The whole fabric of modern civilization is based upon this, that matter is controlled by that which is superior to matter—that spirit can direct, control, manipulate physical forces.

Why, then, should we think it an extraordinary thing that the Father "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named" should accompany the two great messages the human race needs with some token of his presence such as the blindest could not fail to see? What does man need, what does America need, more than these two words, Law and Love? The voice of conscience within us echoes the voice of a divine authority without. The world needed some attestation of that in the beginning. Once attested, once recognized, it has gone on growing in human consciousness until the laws of conscience are recognized as the laws of God. And that other message—that when men have violated God's law, there is a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness—why should we think it strange that the Father should give that message and should accompany it with attestations of his presence and his power such as made the world stop and listen?

If we approach the question of miracles from the point of view of a pure physicist, we shall in the first place be inclined to disbelieve in them, and in the second place not much care whether they occurred or not. With a phenomenon occurring but once and never since repeated science does not concern itself. But what Campbell Fraser has put as a question we may transform into affirmation: "The physical miracle finds its natural significance in its *moral* relations to the *persons* in the universe, rather than in its physical relations to the things in the universe." [1] The miracle is an unusual witness to Him whose presence is constantly witnessed, but, because the witness is constant, is too often ignored.

The doctrine of evolution, then, is not, as it seems to me, inconsistent with belief that at certain epochs in the world's history, and for certain special moral ends, there occurred unusual events which awakened attention and have served as signs of a superhuman power wrought in works either of judgment or mercy, although almost uniformly the latter. And this conviction, it is proper to add, I share with evolutionists who on other grounds absolutely reject the miraculous. "It is not," says Professor Huxley, "upon any *a priori* considerations that objections either to the supposed efficacy of prayer or to the supposed occurrences of miracles can be based, and to my mind the fatal objection to both these suppositions is the inadequacy of the evidence to prove any given case of such occurrence which has been adduced." The question whether God answers prayer, the question whether the so-called miracles or any of them recorded in the Bible ever took place, are questions to be determined by evidence simply. If the evidence sustains the affirmative answer, there is nothing in evolution inconsistent with that answer. That is all that I have attempted to show in this paper. In a future one I shall take up the question of evidence and briefly consider it, although it is somewhat aside from the general purpose of this series of papers.

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And well for Gain if it ungrudging yields
Labor its just demand; and well for Ease
If, in the uses of its own, it sees
No wrong to him who tills its pleasant fields
And spreads the table of its luxuries.
The interests of the rich man and the poor
Are one and same, inseparable evermore;
And when scant wage or labor fail to give
Food, shelter, raiment, wherewithal to live,
Need has its rights, necessity its claim.

—*John G. Whittier.*

[1] "Philosophy of Theism," by Alexander Campbell Fraser, LL.D.

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The Fourfold Path

By George Alway

I had a taste of Death—when, like a frost,
Despair to zero dulled the pulse of life;
And, plunged in deeps that sunk to bottomless,
Whispered each drop, "Give up the unequal strife."

I had a glimpse of Hell—when clutched remorse
My heart, and far off frowned the wide-missed goal;
And bare, and lone, and crushed, the Universe
Upon me stared—an eye without a soul.

I had of Purgatory evidence—
Hemmed in by sorrow, failure, doubt, and pain;
And flaming angels proved these circling fires,
Pointing the upward way to life again.

I had a proof of Heaven—when love for all
Was born, transfiguring the path I trod;
And hands and heart and face of man became
To men the hands, the heart, the face of God

College Training for Women

III.—Choosing a College

By Kate H. Claghorn

ALMOST fascinating and at the same time bewildering occupation is the study of college catalogues. This is a study in which the girl is apt to be a greater adept than her parents; she can tell you without faltering just what books of Virgil, Homer, and Cicero each college requires for admission, just what the "group system" is, and what is the scope of "electives." The parent is likely to become so puzzled over the intricacies of the matter as to turn it over entirely to the daughter, leaving her to decide where she shall spend four most important and interesting years of her life. But the parents should know, distinctly and definitely, what sort of a place the daughter is going to; and this knowledge must be extracted not only from the college programme, but from other sources beside. Much more is to be learned from the college catalogue than the untrained observer would imagine. What can be done with the bare facts and figures offered there is seen in the methods of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ in their endeavor to determine whether a given college is competent for membership in that Association. The committee devoted to this task combines the various data set before it in such a way as to look behind the nominal offer to the real advantage given. For instance, ample courses of study may be laid down, covering the whole field in one great department, while a reference to the faculty list may show that one person only is set to do the entire work, leaving it certain that the work will be imperfectly done. Sometimes it will be found that one person is carrying on the work in two departments—a proceeding that, to modern views, at once indicates that a thorough training will not be given in either branch. It may be found that the subjects taught are those of the high-grade college, while the ground covered in each may be a scanty and insufficient section of the whole. It may be found that a crowded faculty list, giving two, three, or more workers in a single subject, may be overbalanced by a still more crowded student list, so that classes must be too large to receive proper care. Where a college is combined with a preparatory school, it may be found that the teaching force of the college employs most of its hours in the school, so that the college work is insufficiently pro-

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vided for; it may also be found that the student membership of the college is small in proportion to that of the associated school, so that there is little of true college life and spirit. Study of the catalogue will often reveal the fact that endowments are small, and that in consequence equipment is deficient. The library, the laboratories, the observatory, the various collections of material for study, should be complete enough to permit the student to come in touch with the real things about which all the text-books are written, and without experience of which the store of text-book learning is apt to prove a mere dead weight. Something may also be learned of the character of the college from the names on its faculty list. It is a good sign of life in the college that it has within its walls men and women who have distinguished themselves by valuable contributions to the life and thought of the world. The original workers are not always the best teachers; on the other hand, we have no warrant for supposing, before we have actual experience of the fact, that the great crowd of the unheralded and the unknown teach any the better for their obscurity. The original producer at least gives tone to the college, and sets a standard of achievement, which is good to have before the student.

When the resources of the catalogue are exhausted, an important part of the work still remains to be done; that is, personal inspection of the college and personal contact with its guiding minds. It is only in this way that the real spirit of the college can be apprehended and the real nature of its personality grasped. Before, however, the mental and moral influences are looked to, one ought to consider the physical basis of life at the college under investigation, since a sound material foundation is of the utmost importance if one wishes to raise a sound mental structure. Care should be taken to see that the residence halls offer the conditions suitable to a healthy life. It is essential that the sleeping-room as well as the study should open upon the outer air, and that sunlight should enter for part of the day at least. The importance of sunlight in keeping up the general fund of vitality cannot be overestimated. It is also very desirable that the student should have an open fire in her room, or in one of her rooms at least, if she has two. It is really remarkable how much more freely the brain will act, how much less sluggishness and torpidity there will be, in an atmosphere freshened by the constantly ventilating current set up by an open fire. The slight extra expense that the open fire usually entails is more than compensated for by the saving made in doctor's bills, and by the increased working power acquired. Most carefully of all should the table set by the college for its resident students be looked after. In nine out of ten cases where girls break down at college, the cause is not overwork, nor even underexercise, but improper and insufficient food. There is no class of persons needing such ample and carefully prepared nourishment as the brain-workers. Experience shows that the less nutritious foods, the more bulky and waste-bearing articles of diet, are suitable enough for the manual worker, since from the nature of his occupation he is able to digest the greater bulk of such foods that must be eaten in order to secure sufficient nourishment, while the brain-worker must have the concentrated, highly nutritious, easily assimilable foods to maintain the constant demands of that great blood-sponge, the brain. Too often is this need neglected in the residence schools and colleges. Parents should pay particular attention to this matter, and find out for themselves if nutritious food, in sufficient quantity, and properly cooked and served, is habitually set before the student. Friends of the higher education for girls grieve over the numerous cases of broken health reported from time to time as the result of the college career; opponents of it triumphantly claim them as the evidence of feminine unfitness for severe mental labor. It is really, in most cases, an evidence of feminine, or rather human, unfitness to live and work upon scanty and distasteful fare, and of feminine dislike to complain, especially in regard to what seems such a gross and material matter as food. The general location of a college should also be considered, with regard to the healthfulness of the air and other surroundings. The seeds of malaria, for example, once sown are not lightly to be got rid of; the ills likely to arise from imperfect sanitation are so violent and deadly that the

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commonest kind of prudence will, as a matter of course, see that their causes are avoided in the college.

Having attended to the physical factor in the college life, the parent should next consider the mental and moral. The only way to know the exact character of that indefinable influence of personality that means so much in the development of the student is to come into actual rela tions with it. Who could guess beforehand that a certain professor known for his brilliant and inspiring written work in his chosen subject could be so dull and dismal in his class-room? Who could fancy that this other, known for his championship of certain great reforms and noble causes, could be so eaten up with vanity and self-conceit that instruction and discussion in his class-room is replaced by oracular deliverances from the chair and mute adoration from the benches? Who could know that a certain man, whose name is seldom seen in public posting-places, is yet so stimulating in his influence, so healthful in his mental tone, as to be of lasting benefit to any student coming under him? The influence of personality must be felt to be known; it cannot be set down in formal cataloguing of attributes. It is important for the parent to know what personal influences are at work in the teaching staff. There is an old phrase, "gentleman and scholar," that should describe the persons under whose care our young people come.

The parent should also take some pains to come in personal contact with that group-person, the student body. It may be said that one can find out little about this personality in a brief visit, hampered too by the conventionalities that prevent the chance visitor of mature years from getting to the real core of student life. But straws show which way the wind blows. Looks, manners, bearing, little ways of doing and saying things, are evidences of general character and tone. The parent can tell whether the student-personality is well or ill bred, whether the typical student is clear-voiced but quiet, or shrill-toned and voluble; whether she steps with the alert springiness of health and a hearty interest in things, or with the heavy tramp of rude boorishness or the dragging shuffle of sentimentality and langour. How does she deal with her fellows in the public and obvious places where the casual stranger is likely to encounter her? Is she gushing, chattering, regardless of the presence of strangers, unrestrained in demonstration of any chance feeling, or is she brightly companionable, yet with a delicate reserve that keeps intact the conventions of a gentle home and of a refined society?

Pains should also be taken to come in contact with the governing body that has so much to do with forming the college spirit. It is most important that the young and impressionable mind should not be subjected to the danger of having all its high ideals of honor and disinterestedness destroyed because the president or board of trustees of a college are obviously using the students—and perhaps the instructors too—as pawns on a chess-board, to be moved here and there at convenience as it suits the exigencies of a game of their own. The parent should be convinced that the true welfare of the students is really and genuinely the main object of the governing body, and not increase in numbers, endowments, or the proud position of "first" in some shape or manner.

All this may seem a rather laborious method of getting a daughter started on a chosen line; but parenthood is a laborious occupation. No device has yet been invented by which the child may be trained up in the way it should go without labor on the part of the parent; and every child brought into the world has a right to this training, and thus to the parent's thought and care. A little time and trouble spent in this way, moreover, would be amply repaid in results. The girl herself gets benefit from it; furthermore, the general system of education would receive a lift and an impetus it could get in no other way; and, as a result, the general plane of society at large would be correspondingly elevated. In education as in touring, "personally conducted" is an excellent motto.

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The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like that which one has to do; and one does come to like it—in time.—*Dinah Muloch Craik.*

Man, if you are anything, walk alone, and talk to others. Do not hide yourself in the chorus.—*Epictetus.*

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Books and Authors

Guesses [1]

Were it not for the author's fame, we are of the opinion that Dr. Goldwin's Smith's "Essays" would never have been reprinted in book form, unless at his own cost. As it is, they are not to be taken very seriously; certainly neither as an argument against evangelical faith nor as a philosophical exposition of agnosticism. The book is fairly well entitled "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," for though this is only the title of the first of the essays, its spirit characterizes them all; to the author, everything in life is a riddle, and he has no solution to offer. He offers only criticisms on the solution offered by Christianity, and guesses of his own, which latter satisfy him no better than the answer which he repudiates. The book has two elements of value, and only two—neither very great. Its criticisms are leveled wholly, or almost wholly, at that m chanical and traditional theology which, in our judgment, creates the infidelity which it imagines it is contradicting. Dr. Goldwin Smith's only conception of inspiration is dictation; of miracles, a violation of the laws of nature; of the fall, the story incident in Eden; of redemption, an undoing by Christ of what Adam did four thousand years before. Of an inspiration which leaves the human faculty free, of a miracle which is a higher than human use of law, of fall as a universal human experience, of redemption as an emancipation from the flesh and a development of the spirit, the author apparently has never heard. The great bulk of his criticisms are wholly inapplicable to the modern view of the Bible, the Church, the Messiah, and Redemption. His book is useful because it shows the kind of infidelity which an unspiritual theology fosters in a certain large class of cultivated minds. It is also useful as showing to what that infidelity conducts. Revelation, Incarnation, Atonement rejected, and the soul thrown back into what is called the light, but should be called the darkness, of nature, the inquirer is left without even so much assurance as Cicero possessed concerning God and the divine law. These "guesses" allow no revelation and no hope of a rational theology except in a study of the universe and of humanity; according to them, if there be not immortality, "the Power which rules the universe cannot be just in any sense of the word which we can understand," but we cannot be sure of immortality, and therefore cannot be sure of justice in that Power; "the Messiah was a dream of the tribal pride of the Jew," a dream "devoid of importance or interest for the rest of the human race;" Christianity has exerted a benign influence over individuals, but not much over politics, commerce, the great world, and civilization generally; the practical truth of life "lies somewhere between Hobbes and that of the Gospel," the latter being an ideal, but not practicable; and morality appears to have left little for its motive power except prudential motives and awe for immensity. In short, the miraculous being denied, Christ as a world Messiah disowned, and the Gospels thrown overboard, we are sent back to the prudential morality of the Proverbs, the pessimistic fatalism of Ecclesiastes, and the skeptical despair of Job. We do not believe that Mr. Goldwin Smith's sometimes specious but generally uncritical and superficial arguments will have any effect to send back into that penumbra of undeveloped spiritual life a world to which Christ has brought life and immortality—though it may serve to gratify those who are still living in the twilight of the past.

[1] *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, and Other Essays on Kindred Subjects.* By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Research in Bible Lands [1]

Professor Hilprecht has carefully edited these eight papers upon archæological research and discovery. This is particularly noticeable where the editor takes occasion to differ again and again from Dr. W. Hayes Ward in the latter's paper on the Hittites. Professor Hilprecht has, besides his editorial work, contributed the paper on "Explorations in Babylonia," and an interesting paper it is, written, of course, in the University of Pennsylvania Library Building. Nevertheless, that institution has reason to be proud of its labors in the domain of Assyriology, and Professor Hilprecht's reputation rests on a sound basis. In the matter of Babylonian research Philadelphia is a city ahead of New York and Boston—not to speak of Chicago.

Professor Sayce's paper on "Egypt" is slight. Dr. Bliss's paper on "Lachish" is too narrow in its topic, and adds nothing to what was in his little book on "Tel el Huay," published by the Palestine Exploration Fund. Professor Fritz Homel writes on "Arabia," a little technically for popular service, and eulogizes Glaser. Perhaps the work of Glaser, Enting, Arnaud, and others may call historical criticism to a reconsideration of some of its conjectures. Professor McCurdy suggests this in his introductory essay. Professor Ramsay does not say much on the "Book of the Acts." He seems to expect reference to be made to his larger works, which are certainly well worth the reading. This book is made up of essays that have appeared in the

[1] *Recent Research in Bible Lands: Its Progress and Results.* Edited by Herman V. Hilprecht. John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.

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"Sunday-School Times." The authors appeal to average Bible students, not to specialists. Pictures not a few add to the interest and intelligibility of the essays. There ought to have been more illustrations, especially to Dr. Ward's and Professor Mahaffy's papers.

Professor Mahaffy writes on "Early Greek Manuscripts from Egypt," and gives his personal opinion of the dates of the great Codices, Sinaiticus, Alexandrinus, etc. The Codex Beza also gets a puff. It seems to be the fashion lately to pat that Codex on the top of the head. Even textual criticism has its humor.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending February 26. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL

Dr. William Northend's *The Bay Colony* is a valuable contribution to the early history of Massachusetts. The period covered is from 1624 to the death of Governor Winthrop (1649). As a narrative Dr. Northend's history is lucid, systematic, and readable. The discussion of causes and motives is moderate and reasonable. The book gives in consecutive and orderly form and in comparatively small compass what cannot be found elsewhere except scattered in many books and records. (Estes & Lauriat, Boston.)

The fourth and last volume of *American Orations* (with introductions by the late Professor Alexander Johnston, of Princeton, and with notes by Professor J. A. Woodburn) contains orations on the Civil War and Reconstruction by Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, A. H. Stephens, Thaddeus Stevens, Henry Ward Beecher, and others; on Free Trade and Protection by Henry Clay and Frank H. Hurd; and on Finance and Civil Service Reform by James G. Blaine, J. S. Morrill, John Sherman, J. P. Jones, George W. Curtis, Carl Schurz, and others. It need not be said that here is material for an intelligent survey of most important fields of political thought. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Professor James E. Farmer's *Essays on French History* deal with two important topics—the rise of the Reformation in France, and the history of the Jacobin clubs. The essays are scholarly, and deserve a careful reading. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Professor Willis Boughton, of the Ohio University, has published through Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, a *History of Ancient Peoples*, bringing together in a single volume the most important material of the books in the "Story of the Nations Series" which have to do with ancient history and the various races of ancient times, such as the Chinese, the American Indians, the Egyptians, the Syrians, the Phœnicians, the Hebrews, the Mesopotamians, and others. Professor Boughton's summary is at once clear and concise.

The *Popular History of the United States*, issued by A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York, is prepared by the anonymous author of the "Brief History" published by the same firm. It stands in place between the school history and the elaborate work of the highest type. As a single-volume book of the narrative rather than the philosophical type it has no small merit; it is clear, well divided and arranged, simple in style, and free from excessive and minute detail.

NOVELS AND TALES

Mr. C. G. D. Roberts's *Forge in the Forest* is very charmingly published by Lamson, Wolffe & Co. (Boston), and purports to give an account of the adventures of an Acadian ranger. The scene of the story is the region about Grand Pré, and the time is about the middle of the last century, a few years before the expulsion of the Acadians. The appearance of this historical novel from the hand of so accomplished a writer as Professor Roberts is another very welcome indication of the disposition to use historical material for the purposes of fiction. Further comment may be made at a later day.

In the Crucible, by Grace Denio Litchfield, is a novel dealing with considerable success with Washington social life and with some personal problems of conscience, ambition, and sacrifice. The author's style and method are good, and the book is readable. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)——*A Writer of Fiction*, by Clive Holland, tells of the wretchedness and poverty of a novelist who finds his work no longer salable. The suffering of his family drives him to the writing of a novel of doubtful morality. He dies suddenly while the manuscript is in a publisher's hands, and his wife reclaims it and leaves his name unstained. (Copeland & Day, Boston.)

BIOGRAPHY

All readers of Thackeray's always delightful "Roundabout Papers" will remember his references to his leaving India as a little boy and journeying to England, stopping at St. Helena by the way, and there getting a single glimpse of the great Emperor. Other references to India are not uncommon in Thackeray's novels. Not only his father and mother but his uncles and grandfather were residents of India, and some members of the family had no inconsiderable share in making Indian history. Sir William Wilson Hunter has found plenty of material for a book called *The Thackerays in India*, and the incidental as well as the direct interest of the book is strong (Henry Frowde, London.)

The Autobiography of Charles Force Deems has the personal charm which won for the pastor of the "Church of the Strangers" his place in the life of this city, and made him through his writings the pastor of a far larger Church of the Strangers whose congregation is scattered over

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the entire country. Unfortunately, Dr. Deems's own narrative covers only his early life, and his first experiences as a Methodist circuit-rider and a professor in a North Carolina college. The remainder of the volume is a memoir by his two sons, and, although executed with filial devotion, lacks literary quality. Nevertheless it contains much material of interest to all who knew Dr. Deems and his work. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

The Life of Philip Melanchthon, by the Rev. Joseph Stump, A.M., is a clear and succinct account of the work of the reformer, the four hundredth anniversary of whose birth has just been celebrated. The work has been well performed, and the volume is interesting throughout. (Pilger Publishing House, New York.)

SCIENCE

Professor I. C. Russell has published through Messrs. Ginn & Co., Boston, *The Glaciers of North America*. The knowledge which this book conveys is impressive, since it has only recently become known that North America offers more favorable conditions for the study of existing glaciers and of the records of ancient ice-sheets than any other continent.——A translation of Dr. Ernst Mach's "Beiträge zur Analyse der Empfindungen" has now been published under the title of *Contributions to the Analysis of the Sensations*. (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.) Professor Mach says that the foundations of science as a whole, and of physics in particular, await their next greatest elucidations from the side of biology, and especially from the analysis of the sensations. To this analysis this book contributes much.

POETRY

Mr. William Watson's various poems called out by the situation in Armenia have been collected and issued in a small volume by Mr. John Lane, of this city. The book bears the significant title *The Year of Shame*, and the Bishop of Hereford furnishes an introduction. The sonnets and other poems which appear in this volume have been so generally reprinted in this country that they must have passed under the eye of the readers of The Outlook. Some of them have been reproduced in its columns. Mr. Watson is strongest when he writes in a meditative mood, but the vigor of denunciation and the note of passionate protestation which run through this verse must have awakened a wide response.

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth has written a small book entitled *Did the Pardon Come Too Late?* which will be of interest to those who have followed her new and important work. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

Bishop A. C. A. Hall, of Vermont, has published through Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, *Christ's Temptation and Ours*. This book is an admirable answer to the questions, Why should man be tempted? and How could Christ be tempted?—for Bishop Hall frankly recognizes the perplexity which has come to many minds in the thought of the necessity of temptation for man, and of the possibility of temptation for Christ. The author's treatment is at once didactic and hortatory, and the book is permeated by a helpful spirituality.——The American Tract Society has just issued a new edition, attractive in paper and margins, of Dr. James Stalker's *The Trial and Death of Jesus Christ*. The book would be more suitable to this Lenten time if the illustrations had been more satisfactory.——Dr. James M. Stifler's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans* (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York) is, as its author intends it to be, at once logical and historical. The exposition is vitally connected with the thought of the period in which the text was written, and at the same time the course of thought is given without a break. The volume bears evidence that it is the result of ripe scholarship. Of the Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy's volume of sermons entitled *The Larger Life* (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), Bishop Vincent says in his introduction, "This book is a worthy and reverent effort to set forth the profound as well as the sweet reasonableness of Christianity." The author elucidates not only some problems of belief, but also some problems of conduct.

EDUCATIONAL

It is not surprising to note upon the title-page of the new edition of Bartholomew's *Pocket Atlas of the World* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) the words "Tenth Edition," for this little volume is a model of condensed and well-arranged information, presenting nearly one hundred and fifty maps, with a capital index of over seventy pages.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Madeira Islands, by A. J. Biddle, gives in a series of eight brief chapters an account of the history of the Madeira Islands and of their geographical conformation, climate, trade, colonization; of the habits and customs of the people, of agricultural possibilities, religious and social life, with suggestions to travelers as to routes and interesting localities. The book is profusely illustrated and well furnished with maps. (The Drexel-Biddle and Bradley Publishing Company, Philadelphia.)

We have received the second of the five volumes of the *New American Supplement* to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," published by the Werner Company, of Chicago. The general plan was described very recently in these columns. The present volume extends from C to For, contains several hundred titles, and many poor illustrations

The bound volumes for 1896 of the familiar and valued "Harper's" periodicals—*Harper's*

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Monthly, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazar*, and *Harper's Round Table*—comprise no inconsiderable part of the year's literary product. In bulk and weight the five volumes are all that one man can carry; in all that relates to the printer's art and to pictorial effect they are admirable; in contents the publications are wisely varied, fill admirably their respective fields, and represent much of the very best of American and English writing and thinking. In the "Magazine" fiction, history, biography, travel, popular science, poetry, and criticism are capitally blended; in the "Weekly" the current of events is closely followed, and by exposition and pictures the salient movements and occurrences of the time are forcibly presented and skillfully illustrated; the "Bazar" continues to be a criterion of taste in the woman's world; the "Round Table" furnishes pleasant reading and instructive suggestions for the young. The editorial departments are strong and well written. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

We reserve for further notice Mr. Frazer's *British India* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), as well as M. Mayor's *L'Ancienne Genève* (Ch. Eggimann & Cie., Geneva, Switzerland).

Book-Making[1]

In the second volume of his valuable work on "Books and Their Makers during the Middle Ages" Mr. George Haven Putnam gives us a most interesting account of the history of book-making during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The volume deals, of course, largely with the operations of the great publisher-printers of those centuries—the Estiennes in France, Caxton in England, Froben of Basel, Plantin and the Elzevirs in Holland. The influence of the Reformation in the popularization of books is given due consideration, and there are chapters devoted to "Erasmus and his Books" and "Luther as an Author." Much of the volume, indeed, concerns the relations of the Church with the book trade, in the various attempts to control the press in the interests of ecclesiasticism. The last third of the book is devoted to a consideration of "The Beginnings of Property in Literature." Here are traced in detail the growth of legislation affecting copyright, and the slow evolution of the ideas which have come to prevail at the present time with regard to the ownership of intellectual property. The survival of the discussion of two centuries as to copyright, says Mr. Putnam, is the theory that "Property in an intellectual production is the creation of statute, and is subject to limitations depending, not upon any natural rights of the producer, but upon the convenience or advantage of the community." The socialistic implication of this theory is not noted by the author, but in his view "it is probably not yet practicable to determine whether such survival represents the survival of the fittest." The volume is handsomely printed and bound, and presents in a lucid way a great mass of detailed information of interest alike to the historical student and the book-lover.

[1] *Books and Their Makers during the Middle Ages.* By George Haven Putnam. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.)

Poems of Humanity[1]

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's "The Book of the Native" is one of the most considerable additions to latter-day poetry. The verse is distinguished from most of that poetry in that it is thoroughly sane; there is not the first abnormal suggestion in Mr. Roberts's treatment of nature or of human life. What could be more exactly expressive of the life we all want to live than "Up and Away in the Morning," or "A Child's Prayer at Evening"? Such poetry seems to us as good as any since Stevenson's. The tone is true; the poems have color; it is no black-and-white mixture, nor is it some lurid glare; it is a clear, pure color. There is humanity in these sweet lines. They are enjoyable; but they are more than that, they are exhilarating. We feel that Mr. Roberts is, somehow, master in that struggle for self-expression in which we all share. Out of the muddiness and morbidness of much of our end-of-the-century poetry, we are glad to hail one singer whose songs are not in a minor key; who looks up through Nature to God, and in whose human nature there is the calm virility of reserved power. We cannot resist quoting the following:

THE TRAIN AMONG THE HILLS

Vast, unrevealed, in silence and the night
Brooding, the ancient hills commune with sleep.
Inviolate the solemn valleys keep
Their contemplation. Soon from height to height
Steals a red finger of mysterious light,
And lion-footed through the forests creep
Strange mutterings; till suddenly, with sweep
And shattering thunders of resistless flight
And crash of routed echoes, roars to view,
Down the long mountain gorge the Night Express
Freighted with fears and tears and happiness . . .
The dread form passes; silence falls anew.
And lo! I have beheld the thronged, blind world
To goals unseen from God's hand onward hurled.

❀

—A new Browning anecdote is thus reported by the New York "Tribune:" Mr. Browning was bargaining with a London landlord for the lease of a house desired by some absent friend. The landlord was obdurate as to his terms, but suddenly seemed to see a light. "Excuse me, sir," he asked, "but you look to me like the portraits of Mr. Robert Browning?" The poet confessed, and straightway was assured that a considerable reduction in the rent of the house would be granted him with pleasure. He went away rejoicing for his friend.

[1] *The Return of the Native.* By Charles G. D. Roberts. Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston. $1.25.

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Literary Notes

—Beatrice Harraden's new novel, "Hilda Strafford," is just about to be published.

—It is reported that the town of Venosa (the ancient Venusium), Italy, the birthplace of Horace, has decided to erect a monument to him.

—Charles Reade once gave a recipe for writing novels to a young novelist now well known. It ran thus: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait."

—During the present year it is probable that Mr. Gladstone will bring out a second series of his "Gleanings." It is reported that the first volume will consist of theological essays.

—Alphonse Daudet's next novel, his "Soutien de Famille," is almost finished. A popular edition of his works in parts is coming out in Paris just now. Each part costs only two cents.

—All Dante students will welcome the English edition of selections from the first nine books of Villani's "Florentine Chronicle." The portions translated bear particularly upon the struggles of the Guelfs and Ghibellines.

—Pushkin's poem "Russalka," which has been supposed to have been left incomplete by the great Russian author, is now to be reissued in its entirety, the manuscript of the two hundred missing verses having just been discovered.

—A new one-volume edition of Boswell's "Johnson," now preparing in London under the editorship of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, is to have a feature unknown hitherto in the literature of the subject. There is to be a biographical dictionary of all the names mentioned in the "Life."

—A fine library edition of the ever-beloved "Spectator" of Addison and Steele is announced in London. It is to be reprinted from the first edition and in eight volumes, and it is to be edited by Mr. G. A. Aitken, who is known as the author of an interesting biography of Steele. He will supply a general introduction and notes.

—Mr. Archer's translation from the Danish of Dr. Brandes's "William Shakespeare" is about to appear in two volumes. As a memorial of the great Danish critic's thirty-five years of literary activity, this work is perhaps the most exhaustive and thorough of any. It has already become a standard book. It treats of Shakespeare's plays, not as isolated phenomena, but as the record of stages in the dramatist's spiritual history.

—The Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society finds its long name somewhat of a barrier in reaching the general public. Two wrong inferences are made from the name: first, that the books necessarily are denominational in character; second, that they are for children or young people. To relieve it from these misconstructions, the Society henceforth will publish under the imprint "The Pilgrim Press, Beacon Street, Boston."

—M. Emile Erckmann, the noted collaborator with the late M. Alexandre Chatrian in many novels and plays, is said to have a volume in press on a psychological subject. It will be interesting to trace the career of the novelist from his early legal studies in Paris, through the numerous stories and dramatic pieces which he composed with his friend Chatrian, to their more important historical novels upon the events of the Revolution, the First Empire, and the Franco-German War, then to the end of the literary partnership in 1889, with its melancholy quarrel and lawsuit, and now to the last evidence of a career picturesque in all its changes.

Books Received

For week ending February 26

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK

Stalker, James, D.D. The Trial and Death of Jesus Christ. $2.

COPELAND & DAY, BOSTON

Holland, Clive. A Writer of Fiction. $1.

DREXEL-BIDDLE & BRADLEY PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA

Drexel-Biddle, Anthony J. The Madeira Islands. $2.
Drexel-Biddle, Anthony J. The Froggy Fairy Book.
Drexel Biddle, Anthony J. An Allegory and Three Essays. 10 cts.

CH. EGGIMANN & CIE., GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

Mayor, J. L'Ancienne Genève.

ESTES & LAURIAT, BOSTON

Northend, William D., LL.D. The Bay Colony.

HENRY FROWDE, LONDON

Hunter, Sir William Wilson. The Thackerays in India. $1.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Russell, Israel C. Glaciers of North America.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Harper's Weekly. Vol. XL. For 1896.
Harper's Bazar. Vol. XXIX. 1896.
Harper's New Monthly Magazine. Vols. XCII. and XCIII. 1896.
Harper's Round Table. 1896.

KIMBALL & STORER CO., MINNEAPOLIS

Larrabee, Frank D. Functions of Government.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & CO., BOSTON

Roberts, Charles G. D. The Forge in the Forest. $1.50.

JOHN LANE, NEW YORK

Lowry, H. D. Make Believe. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. $1.50.
Watson, William. The Year of Shame. $1.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Murphy, Rev. Edgar G. The Larger Life. $1.
Hall, Rt. Rev. A. C. A., D.D. Christ's Temptation and Ours. $1.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO

Mach, Dr. Ernst. Analysis of the Sensations. Translated by C. M. Williams. $1.

PILGER PUBLISHING HOUSE, NEW YORK

Stump, Rev. Joseph. Life of Philip Melanchthon. $1.25.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Farmer, James Eugene. Essays on French History. $1.25.
Boughton, Willis. History of Ancient Peoples. $2.
Frazer, R. W. British India. $1.50.
Bartholomew, J. G. The Pocket Atlas of the World. $1.25.
American Orations. Edited by Alexander Johnston. Re-edited by James A. Woodburn. $1.25.
Litchfield, Grace Denio. In the Crucible. $1.25.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Stifler, James M., D.D. The Epistle to the Romans. $1.25.
Autobiography of Charles Force Deems, D.D., and Memoir by his Sons, Rev. E. M. Deems and F. M. Deems. $1.50.
Booth, Maud B. Did the Pardon Come Too Late? 30 cts.

THE WERNER CO., NEW YORK

New American Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. Edited by Day Otis Kellogg, D.D. Vol. II.

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The Religious World

Death of Dr. Mallory

The Rev. George S. Mallory, D.D, editor of the "Churchman," died at the Hotel St. Andrew, New York City, on Tuesday morning, March 2. Dr. Mallory was born in Watertown, Conn., July 5, 1838. He was valedictorian of his class at Trinity College. For a time he was professor, first of Latin and then of English, in that college, and for many years was a trustee and its treasurer. For thirty-one years he had been associated in the management of the "Churchman" with his brother, Marshall H. Mallory. Perhaps the best known of his writings is a treatise on "The American Church." His connection with theatrical affairs was for the purpose of having at least one theater conducted on thoroughly reputable principles. He and his brother took hold of the Madison Square Theater with the idea that nothing but the best and purest of plays should be presented. The effort was a laudable one, but was never entirely successful. If it failed, however, it was not because of any lack of earnestness on the part of Dr. Mallory and his brother. Under his editorship the "Churchman" has become one of the most valuable of religious and Church papers. The funeral of Dr. Mallory was held at St. John's Church, Bridgeport, Conn., on Thursday, March 4.

Death of Dr. Hoffman

In the death of the Rev. Dr. Charles Frederick Hoffman, Rector of All Angels' Church in New York City, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States loses one of its most influential and able clergymen. Dr. Hoffman, who was a brother of Dean Hoffman, of the General Theological Seminary, was a member of a well-known old New York family. On entering the church he was for some time engaged in mission work, and then became curate of St. Mary's Church at Burlington, N. J.; from this place he went to Garrison's, N. Y., and became rector of St. Philip's Church; in 1874 he became rector of All Angels' Church in this city, which at that time occupied a small building near the site of the present fine church, which was erected in 1888 by Dean Hoffman at his own expense, at the corner of Eighty-first Street and West End Avenue; very recently the demands upon the church for more space because of the very large congregation led to a considerable enlargement of the church upon ground given by Dr. Hoffman; the extension to the church was opened for the first time only two weeks ago. Dr. Hoffman was a Trustee of the General Theological Seminary, was Vice-Chancellor of Hobart College, and filled several positions of importance in church societies. He wrote frequently on religious and educational subjects. His death took place on Thursday of last week; he was sixty-seven years old.

A Semi-Centennial in New York

Calvary Baptist Church, of which the Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, D.D., is pastor, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its organization February 26–28. The exercises of the first day were chiefly in the line of reminiscence, and addresses were delivered by many who had been connected with the church for years, one or two even from its formation. The special jubilee service was on Sunday, the 28th, when Dr. MacArthur preached a sermon reviewing the growth of the church and the denomination in the city and throughout the country during the last half-century. The preacher was optimistic in his views regarding society, the Church, and the outlook for Christianity in the world. The afternoon was given to a children's service; while the evening was devoted to congratulatory addresses by the Rev. Drs. Theodore L. Cuyler and George Dana Boardman. A few sentences in Dr. Boardman's address are especially worthy of being widely read. We quote as follows:

> In the last fifty years the trend is toward God by the way of man. The test of Divine Sonship is human brotherhood, and the reverse is true as well. The trend has been from ecclesiasticism to behavior; from benevolence, or wishing well, to beneficence, or doing well; from the letter to the spirit, from sectarianism to catholicity; from nations to manhood, to one great nation of mankind. This is a Christian age in the pre-eminent sense, the Christly age, taking its features from Jesus Christ, who is our King. So we talk less about the Church and more about the kingdom of God. The truth lies all along the way from episcopacy to the simple Quaker worship; it lies all the way along the path of every man.

Dr. MacArthur came from Rochester Theological Seminary to Calvary Church when it was located in Twenty-third Street. This has been his first and only pastorate. Under his ministry the church has grown to be perhaps the foremost of the denomination in the United States.

Discussion on Immortality

A remarkably interesting and valuable meeting of the Philosophical Club of Cornell University was recently held at the University, when the subject of Immortality was discussed. We make the following extract from the official report of the meeting: "Professor Seth argued that the end of man's existence is the perfection of personality, and that we must have eternity for its completion. He barred out 'literary immortality,' an immortality of influence, on the ground that character must be built from within, and cannot be handed over to another; that a man's problem, his character, can be worked out only by himself; and, otherwise, that an immortality of influence, at the best,

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must die with the human race, an event we must expect to occur in due course of time. Professor Tyler, taking up the thread, argued too that we are built for immortality, and that our moral feelings are greatly in excess of the requirements of a terrestrial moral society. Our engines, he observed, are built for a longer voyage than that between the ports of life and death. Mr. Schiller then followed this line of thought beyond the frontier of ethics, and declared that we cannot overlook the fact that life is imperfect and fragmentary intellectually, emotionally, and æsthetically also; that, whatever ends the earth-born race may set before it, the issue is the same: the seeker is, in all cases, cut short with equal ruthlessness from the thing sought. If, then, life has any validity, if it is not all a mocking illusion, we must look beyond. President Schurman concluded the discussion by tracing the influence of the belief in immortality on men's lives. He observed Socrates holding that the powers of the underworld would make right the injustice of human law. He dwelt likewise upon the life of Christ and innumerable Christians, and upon the fact that the holiest livers have been surest of immortality, and that, conversely, the realizing sense of immortality has made the holiest lives. In a word, he summed up all to the effect that a belief in immortality is best to live by, and that which is best to live by must be true. The belief in immortality is to a man's practical life what the belief in the uniformity of nature is to his theoretic or scientific endeavor, and both are proved in the same way; viz., they are assumed to be true, and this assumption is then increasingly verified by growing and deepening experience."

The Church Service Society

It seems rather singular that there should be a society in the Presbyterian Church of the United States organized for the express purpose of promoting liturgical service in that denomination, but such a society has been formed, with the Rev. Louis F. Benson, D.D., of Philadelphia, as its President; the Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D., of New York, as Vice-President; and the Rev. S. T. Clark as its Secretary. The object of the Society is condensed in the following words from its Statement of Principles: "The Society aims to follow this study of the present conduct and past history of the worship of the Church by doing such work in the preparation of forms of service in an orderly worship as may help to guard against the contrary evils of confusion and ritualism, and promote reverence and beauty in the worship of God in his holy house, unity and the spirit of common praise and prayer among the people." Among those who are mentioned in the press as being interested in this movement are the Rev. Drs. Murray and Purves, of Princeton, President Booth, of Auburn Theological Seminary, Drs. Charles Cuthbert Hall and George Alexander, of New York, and Teunis Hamlin, of Washington. The Outlook will treat this subject more fully at a later date.

A Beautiful New Church

One of the most attractive churches in New England has just been dedicated at Worcester. The services, and even the typography of the programme, were in harmony with the beauty of the building. The Union Church is composed of the old Union and the Salem Street Churches. The properties of these two Societies were sold, and with the proceeds the new edifice was erected. From the descriptions it seems to be a fine example of a stately, dignified, and noble sanctuary. No Congregational church, except, perhaps, the Old South in Boston, is more finely equipped. The pastor is the Rev. John E. Tuttle, D.D., late college pastor at Amherst College. The services of dedication were held February 16–19, the sermon at the installation of the pastor being preached by the Rev. C. M. Lamson, D.D., of Hartford; at the dedication of the Memorial Chapel, by the Rev. H. A. Stimson, D.D., of New York, and at the dedication of the church, by the Rev. Alexander Mackenzie, D.D., of Cambridge. The new edifice is an ornament to the city and to the State.

The Enlarged Congregational Union of Scotland

The union of the Congregational and Evangelical Union Churches of Scotland, which was formally agreed upon in the Glasgow City Hall in October of last year, was consummated on January 1 of the present year. It is certainly the most significant event of an ecclesiastical character which has taken place in Scotland since the union of the Relief and Secession Churches into the body known as the United Presbyterian Church in 1847. The corporate name of the united body is "the Congregational Union of Scotland, comprising the Evangelical Union and the Congregational Union as existing in 1896." Each denomination had between ninety and a hundred churches before the union, so that together they make a considerable show of strength. The avowed objects of the Union are: "(1) The promotion of fraternal intercourse and fellowship among Independent churches in Scotland; (2) Co-operation in aiding churches unable of themselves fully to maintain the ordinances of the Gospel, and in supporting mission and evangelistic agencies in Scotland and in foreign lands; (3) United action in maintaining and defending the truths of the Gospel and the principles and privileges of Independent churches." For a generation or two the two Churches have been practically one, and their union was only a question of time. About twenty years ago Dr. William Pulsford took the initiative in trying to bring them together, but there was too little warmth of love to make the welding process a success. The Congregational Church in Scotland has a

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history which goes back about a hundred years. It was born and nourished in a revival movement which did much to leaven the land with Gospel truth in a day when a cold, ethical moderation was dominant. The two names most prominently associated with it are those of James and Robert Haldane. The Evangelical Union was formed about fifty years later by a group of ministers who were forced out of the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches on account of their advanced views on the Atonement and the work of the Holy Spirit. They were called "new views," and their advocates were dubbed "Morisonians," after Dr. James Morison, the well-known commentator. The first "article of agreement" concludes with the words: "The Union shall not be in any sense an ecclesiastical court or corporation claiming to interfere with the freedom or independence of the churches; and under the constitution no theological test shall be imposed upon any member, minister, or professor, the Bible alone being regarded as the standard of faith and life." It is safe to say that no church in Scotland would to-day be guilty of ejecting from its communion a man like Dr. Morison. There has been much progress since that much-regretted act took place. All the churches occupy much broader ground than they did in those days of theological strife. An interesting series of meetings extending throughout the month of January has been held to celebrate this auspicious event. The first of these meetings took place in Edinburgh on New Year's Day, when the united denominations participated in the Lord's Supper, and rejoiced together that the breach between them had at length been healed. The union of the two bodies will undoubtedly result not only in a larger and fuller ecclesiastical life, but in a federation of forces for aggressive Christian work. A forward movement of this kind is already being planned for.

The Christian Social Party in Germany

There is far more aggressive Christianity in Germany than might be imagined when the smallness of the attendance at church is considered. The activity of wickedness was never more evident, as is seen by the wide protest against Sunday protective laws, and especially by the resentment aroused by attempts to deal with the social evil. But, as usual, there is another side, and in this case it is found in what is known as the Inner Mission in Berlin, and the Christian Social Party which is found in many parts of the Empire. The Inner Mission employs forty male and ten female missionaries in Berlin, and during the past year 80,000 homes were visited, audiences aggregating 500,000 were addressed, and more than 125,000 sermons were distributed. But the Church is doing far more than this: it is resolutely attempting to grapple with "the social question." Under the lead of Dr. Stöcker, late Court Chaplain, an attempt is being made to apply Christianity to all phases of existing social difficulties. There are what may be called two branches in this party. One is composed of the younger men, at whose head is Pastor Naumann, of Frankfort. These are chiefly Ritschlians in theology, and their aims are largely ethical. The other company is led by Dr. Stöcker, and is more evangelical in its methods. The principles of the latter may be condensed as follows: The foundation of the work is the Christian faith in God; they are trying to build a secular structure on a sacred foundation; they propose to engage in political agitation on the basis of Christian principles, and strengthened by faith in Jesus Christ; they will seek to change the laws in the name of the people; they will be Christian, but not confessional; theology and dogmatics will be excluded; Roman Catholics and Jews, so far as they are willing to co-operate, will be welcomed. The object of the movement is to take the lead in workingmen's organizations, "and to deliver the workingmen from false leadership." "We aim to give the working people a new battle-cry, national and religious, educating them to be imbued with sound national and Christian principles." This new movement is not Christian Socialism, but an honest attempt to apply Christianity to the solution of the ever-present social problems. Its headquarters are at Leipzig.

Theological Students in German Universities

The "British Weekly," on the basis of an elaborate table in the "Christliche Welt," shows that the total number of theological students in Germany has greatly diminished. In 1890 the number in the various universities was 4,527; in 1896, 2,956. This decline is about equal in all the universities. At Berlin, where the most famous professors are usually to be found, the falling off is nearly fifty per cent. It is also very large at Göttingen, Leipsic, Halle, and Marburg. The only exceptions are at Greifswald and Erlangen, at both of which there is a decided increase in the number of theological students. The reason of the increase at these two faculties is said to be because they are more distinctly orthodox. Many causes are mentioned as accounting for the decrease in the number of theological students. It is to be found partly in the previous overcrowding and partly in the very meager salaries which are paid by the State. In Prussia the salary begins at about $450, and at the end of forty-five years' service is increased to only $900. The writer in the "British Weekly" is convinced, however, that the decline to which we have referred is due very largely to the fact that extreme liberalism has overreached itself. Not even Berlin professors without positive convictions can attract students. The earnest young men seem to prefer the more positive theology of the less known lecturers at Greifswald and Erlangen.

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Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space.*

1. When and where did the Week of Prayer originate? 2. How is *Ian* (Maclaren) pronounced? X.

1. The following is condensed from an account kindly furnished by Dr. Josiah Strong, Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance. The Week of Prayer originated with the Alliance, which was formed in London in 1846. Its observance was at first confined to the members and friends of the British organization. In 1855, at the International Conference in Paris, it was commended to branches of the Alliance in other lands. At the instance of the promoters of a missionary Conference in 1860 at Liverpool, as well as of missionaries in India, the Alliance, in 1861, issued to Christians in all lands, as well as its own membership, the request to observe the first week of January as a week of prayer. The United States branch was formed in 1867. In 1871 its documents refer to the week of prayer as having been observed for some years. 2. We believe it is pronounced "Ee-an" (*a* as in father).

You recommend an inquirer for a literal translation of the New Testament to compare Professor Noyes's translation with "the Revised Version, including the marginal notes of the Revisers, and the notes of the American Committee in the Appendix." Why put the inquirer to the pains of this latter labor, when in "The American Version: Revised New Testament" not only the notes, but the Greek readings and English readings preferred by the American Committee, have been incorporated into the text by a competent scholar, the late President Roswell D. Hitchcock? This edition, characterized by The Outlook as "the text which is recognized in this country as the best translation of the best Greek text yet given to the world," is published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. J. R. H.

It was by oversight that the reference above supplied was not added to the one we gave, which for some, at least, of our readers, is readiest at hand.

Kindly tell me (1) who publishes Dr. Deems's "Gospel of Common Sense" (lectures on the Epistle of James), and (2) whether it is a work of value, or only a dilution of J. B. Mayor's Commentary. C. A. M.

We think it was published by Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York. It is a good practical work, as the title implies, no dilution of Professor Mayor's, which is distinctly critical.

Can you inform me what books Dr. A. M. Fairbairn has written besides "The Place of Christ in Modern Theology," and where published, with price, etc.? J. W. H.

"Religion in History and the Life of To-Day" (Randolph, New York, 75 cents); "Studies in the Life of Christ" (Appleton, New York, $1.75); "The City of God, a series of Discourses on Religion" (Hodder, London, 7*s.* 6*d.*); "Christ in the Centuries, and Other Sermons" (Dutton, New York, $1.75); "Religion in History and in Modern Life, together with an Essay on the Church and the Working Classes" (Randolph, New York, $1.90).

Kindly mention a list of books that would be helpful in preparing a series of sermons on (1) The Seven Sayings from the Cross, (2) The Gospel Armor, Eph. vi., 11-18, (3) The Beatitudes, (4) The Seven Churches. D. M.

1. Stier's "Words of the Lord Jesus;" Krummacher's "The Suffering Saviour." 2. The Commentaries, especially Lange. 3. Stier, as above; Dykes's "Manifesto of the King." 4. Trench on the "Letters to the Seven Churches;" Howard Crosby's "The Seven Churches of Asia; or, Worldliness in the Church" (Funk & Wagnalls, New York). On 1 and 3 see also a Life of Christ, as Farrar's or Geikie's.

What do you consider the best general history of philosophy? I would like to know of something covering the entire field from the ancient Greek to the modern British and German schools, yet in a condensed form, to be used as a book of reference and as a historical introduction to more special study. A. B. C.

Erdmann's is far the best. It is in three volumes, but there is nothing else that is really satisfactory.

Can you or any of your readers tell me in what form, and by whom, was published a memorial article on F. D. Maurice, by Elisha Mulford, shortly after the death of Maurice? A. P.

Maurice died in April, 1872. The article you refer to was published in "Scribner's Monthly" of that year, we think in Volume IV.

Will you kindly inform me to what religious denomination Abraham Lincoln belonged, if any? P.

John G. Nicolay has written that Mr. Lincoln "belonged to no denomination." But that he was a Christian man in the genuine sense of the word there can be no doubt.

Do the Volunteers recognize marriage as a sacrament? If so, is not this verging dangerously on Catholicism? E. E.

It is a mistake to view them as so regarding it. They are quite opposed to such a view.

"J. Y. D." asks for the author of the lines:

"This is the woe of woes,"

etc. I have the poem in an old collection of English poetry for schools. It is by Thomas Dale, born 1797, and is entitled "Consolation." I here copy it in full. M. R. H.

If "J. Y. D." will send address, we will forward the copy.

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For the Little People

Estelle's Astronomy

Our little Estelle
  Was perplexed when she found
That this wonderful world
  That we live on is round.

How 'tis held in its place
  In its orbit so true
Was a puzzle to her,
  With no answer in view.

"It must be," said Estelle,
  "Like a ball in the air
That is hung by a string;—
  But the string isn't there!"

—*St. Nicholas.*

An Old Story

By Mary Ferguson

Once upon a time there was a king of India who felt that he was a very great monarch indeed; but he feared that his people did not sufficiently realize his greatness, and tried to think of some way in which he could bring himself more prominently before them.

Like a great many people who live to-day, he thought there was nothing that attracted so much attention as a great noise. So, after pondering the matter for some time, he called his ministers of state together, and told them that he had an ungratified desire. They, with one voice, eagerly requested to be informed of his wish.

"I desire," he said, "that a great tambour be made; I want it so large that when struck the sound of it may be heard at a distance of ten leagues from the Palace."

The ministers felt sure that such a drum could not be made; but the King was a little hasty in his temper sometimes, and they feared to oppose him. Each man was afraid of the consequences to himself if he spoke alone, so at last they all spoke together, saying:

"Sire, such a thing is impossible."

"Why can't it be done?" cried the King, angry at once. "It must be done, if I say so. There is no such word as 'impossible' in my lexicon."

Happily for the frightened counselors, an officer of high rank in the Court, who was devoted alike to the sovereign and to the people, entered at that moment. When the matter was explained to him, he said at once: "Sire, I will undertake to construct a tambour which will be heard, not only ten leagues from the Royal Palace, but from one end of the kingdom to the other. But it will cost a very great deal."

The delighted King replied: "I will open my treasury to thee. Take all my wealth. I will give it all gladly for the tambour, which I am determined to possess."

So the King gave Kandon access to all his treasures, and awaited results.

Kandon had all the royal treasure taken to the gateway of the Palace and sold it, receiving for it a very large sum of money.

This done, he had this proclamation issued throughout the whole empire: "To-day his Majesty, good as the immortal gods, dispenses favors. Full of affection for his people, he desires to relieve the poor and suffering of his empire. Let all the unfortunate gather at the Palace gate."

The necessitous at once set forth from every corner of the empire, each person carrying an empty sack.

They filled the towns through which they passed to overflowing, and the highway was ever thronged with a moving mass of people, all hastening forward toward the Palace gates.

The thought of the riches they were to have so filled the minds of all that they could think of nothing else, save that, once in a while, a little feeling of gratitude would creep in toward the King.

This little feeling of gratitude grew stronger and deeper as the days, weeks, and months went by, and life became so much easier and more comfortable to them, until at last it grew so strong that it resembled a feeling of worship for the monarch who had so relieved their burdens.

In about a year the King asked Kandon for the tambour. "It is completed, Sire"

"I have not heard the beat of the drum."

"Nay, Sire, but if your Majesty will deign to visit the interior of your kingdom you will hear the voice of the tambour. It resounds, indeed, from all parts of the world."

The King set forth and traveled over all India. Everywhere great crowds of people gathered about him, demonstrating their deep love; for Kandon had won for him a never-before-occupied throne in their hearts; and, astonished by the acclamations of joy, love, and devotion, he cried, "Whence come these worshiping throngs of my people? What does it mean? I do not hear the sound of the drum, but only the glad voices and benedictions of my subjects."

"I have distributed the royal treasure," responded Kandon. "This is the great tambour I promised unto my Prince. The beneficence of your Majesty is proclaimed by all the inhabitants of your empire, and your praises resound for more than a thousand leagues from the Palace."

The King recognized both the courage and the nobility of the action, and said, "Thou art a

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brave servitor. Henceforth thou shalt be my prime minister."

The Cost of a Dinner

Recently a gentleman who is fond of arithmetic made up his mind that he would find out how much a dinner really cost. This gentleman asked how much a simple dinner that he was eating cost, and he was told seventy-five cents. He contradicted this, and then made out the following statement about the cost of that dinner: The pepper, he said, came from ten thousand miles away. It grew on a little bush about eight feet high, which must have had a growth of at least five years. The pepper was picked green; it had to be dried in the sun, and this meant employing women. It took one ship and a thousand miles of railroad to bring the pepper to the United States. The tea on the table came from China, and the coffee from South America. The codfish had to be brought from Maine. Men had to be employed to catch the fish; other men and women were employed in drying, packing, and boxing it, and it, too, had to make a long railroad journey. The flour of which the bread was made was grown in Dakota; some one owned the land, and that meant the investing of capital; and then he had also to pay wages to workingmen. The flour had to be ground, and the building of the mill and the plant, or machinery, meant more money invested. The millers had to be paid; coopers had to be paid for making the barrels; and, of course, the wood of which the barrels were made had to be cut and sawed and shaped, and this meant the employing of more men. Then the flour had to be shipped over the railroad and handled again by cartmen before it came into the house. The salt came from the Indian Reservation in the northwestern part of New York State. The canned peaches came from California, and they too represented the employment of capital and labor. The spices in the cake came from the Spice Islands in the Indian Archipelago. After the gentleman had pointed out what the dinner really cost, he asked what on the table could be raised within the limits of the county where they were living. The answer was: only the corn bread, the butter, and buttermilk, and it was decided that the family could not live on those alone. The gentleman estimated that that little dinner represented, directly or indirectly, the employment of five hundred millions of dollars of capital and of five millions of men. It would be quite a lesson in geography for each of the little folks to try to discover where their dinners came from.

Oysters and Pearls

In the Indian Ocean beautiful pearls are sometimes found. The pearl-fishery in that region used to be very valuable, but the pearl-divers no longer allow the oyster to rot in order that the pearl may be extracted from the oyster without injury. They now roast the oysters, and this affects the color of the pearl. So the oysters have been almost exterminated on this coast.

He Likes It

There is a little boy in a kindergarten who makes a very funny figure, but who evidently approves of his style of dress. He is so small that he wears a kilt skirt. Instead of a waist he wears a red flannel shirt made exactly like a fireman's shirt, with a double row of buttons down the front and a turn-over collar, with a black silk tie underneath. Over this he wears a vest, which evidently belongs to his older brother, and which slides around on his body so that you never feel certain where you will find the boy inside of the vest. The other day the kindergartner felt that she could not endure that vest any longer; she must get it off; but when she attempted to remove it little Johnny howled so loud and so long that she was glad to put it back again. There was no necessity of buttoning or unbuttoning it to put it on or off, only that Johnny prefers to do it that way, because it is so large that you can drop it over his head; and you would have to watch or he would get his head through the armholes. The moment the teacher put the vest back on Johnny his face broke out in radiant smiles, and peace reigned where war had been threatened.

Returned to School

If you have ever watched the horses harnessed to the fire-engines going to a fire, you have seen at once that they must be educated—trained to do their work. There is a school where these horses are trained so that when they go out before the engines to a real fire they know what every bell, every sound, means, and obey it. But once in a great while these horses are graduated too soon, before they learn just what to do. That is what happened in New York recently. A team of fire-horses became frightened and ran away. Then there was great excitement. The horses were caught in one of the small parks; they were sent back to school for further teaching and training.

A Poet's Present

Longfellow, as you know, is often called the children's poet. One day, the story is told, a little boy was visiting him in his library, in which, of course, there were quantities of books. The little boy asked Mr. Longfellow if he had a copy of "Jack the Giant-Killer." Longfellow said he had not. The little fellow appeared very much distressed, even when he went away, at the poverty of his favorite poet's library. The next day he appeared with two cents shut up in his little hand, which he presented to Mr. Longfellow with the request that he should buy a copy of "Jack the Giant-Killer."

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The Home Club

Is American Home Life Declining?

At a prominent club in New York City the above question was made the subject of debate. It was put as a question to the members of the Home Club. The following replies have been received:

Dear Outlook: If it be true that domestic life in American cities is disappearing, there must be some cause for it. Can it be that with woman rests the cause of this unfortunate state of affairs?

Do men, as a rule, prefer to live in a boarding-house or a hotel? No. What, then, is the reason for the breaking up of the home by the woman? Has her interest in her own work waned because of her desire to figure in the more public affairs of life?

It does seem to me that women are more to blame than the men for the condition of the home.

Can it be a desire to escape from the so-called drudgery of the household? Preferring to live in one or two small rooms of a boarding-house or to breathe the polluted atmosphere of a hotel corridor, rather than to inhale the sweetest zephyrs that are in the purest and truest homes in the land?

I do not mean houses where all is formality and conventionality; where one member of the family is almost a stranger to another; where there seems to be no spirit of loving sympathy, no family ties to bind their hearts together; where there is nothing in common. And yet even that is preferable in many ways to life in a public place.

Woman has it in her power to make the home and home life one of the best and strongest influences for good in the world. Make it a place where the children are always welcome, live through them and for them, and they will not be tempted by life in a boarding-house or a hotel.

And then, again, men are to blame because they do not insist upon what they feel and know is best for all.

For, whatever the motive may be to shirk the responsibilities of the domestic life, it is selfishness on the part of the woman that prompts her to let others do for her that which she is in every way able to do for herself.

"The day never comes when it'll do
To kick off duty like a worn-out shoe."

A HOME-LOVER.

Dear Outlook: Is domestic life in American cities disappearing, and if so, why?

Yes. 1st. Because of the architecture and furnishings of the modern so-called "homes."

In a city of 40,000 people, one-half of whose best houses are known to me, I cannot recall three rooms that could with any show of justice be called *family* rooms. "Library," "sitting-room," "living-room," what you please to call it, is almost always too small for a *family* room. If large, it is sure to be so filled with furniture, cabinets, bric-à-brac, etc., that there are no clear spaces for the activity of youth.

The center-table still remains a relic of the past, but, oh! how changed! It is hardly the kind that a family could gather about—often small, always so highly polished that feet and fingers, books and slates, would be sure to mar, and generally adorned with a lamp so tall and delicately poised that no child would be safe within range of its pernicious red, pink, or blue light, if display books, trays, bric-à-brac, etc., had left any room for him and his work. I cannot recall a single library where there is a child's writing-desk, study-table, blackboard, or wall map in sight. Everything belonging to the children is relegated to some upper room where I am sure the family do not gather.

2d. Domestic life demands the presence of both parents and children. The man or woman who is not a member of one or more clubs is to-day *rara avis*. These clubs, plus an occasional card party, dancing party, reception, etc., which society imposes, and the frequent attractions at the opera-houses, not to mention the church meetings for the women and the political and commercial meetings for the man, leave few evenings for the fathers and mothers to gather their children about them for anything approximating domestic life. The *fin de siècle* home (?) is not built for children, nor designed with reference to family life—more's the pity!

Both of our correspondents answer the question in the affirmative. We publish their letters without comment, believing that another side of the subject will be presented later.

An Unreasoning Community

The confusion that controls the public mind in the administration of charity is shown by an incident that occurred recently in a New England town. It was a town supporting a number of people from its town funds. The official whose duty it was to administer the relief funds gave one of the beneficiaries an order on a certain grocer for a certain amount of groceries. The grocer concluded that this order was not generous enough to meet the needs of the woman, and added sixty-eight cents' worth of groceries to the amount called for. When he presented his bill, the auditor refused to pay for more than the order called for. The result is that the majority of the people of that town accuse the auditor of meanness, and seemingly accuse him of the crime of which the grocer was guilty—an unauthorized use of the town's credit. The grocer threatens to sue the town for the sixty-eight cents, and he has the larger portion of the town on his side. That town needs to have its moral standard changed; the man who dares to take public office in a community that has so clouded a moral vision takes a tremendous risk.

Educational Growth

Certainly the least hopeful of citizens must acknowledge that the signs of the times indicate a continual rise in educational standards. The Regents' Report of New York State shows an increase of 66 per cent. in the number of pupils completing the requirements for admission to the high school in the past six years; 133 per cent. in the number completing high-school courses, and 148 per cent. in the number completing the equivalent of a high-school course—equivalent, that is, to graduation—as compared with 1889. In one year the increase in the number studying Latin is over one thousand. Mr. Carroll D. Wright states that there is a steady decrease in the whole country in the number of children working as compared to adults, and attributes this favorable condition to the number of States having good factory

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laws well enforced. In New York City the enforcement of the factory laws and the mercantile inspection laws has brought about unusual conditions of overcrowding in the lower grammar grades.

Sewing-Schools

The New York Association of Sewing-Schools was organized three years ago, to bring the schools into closer relation, and to establish a bureau of information and exchange. Conferences, exhibitions, teachers' classes, lectures, are held and given under the auspices of the Association. An important exhibition has been arranged by the Association, to be held in the American Art Galleries, East Twenty-third Street and Broadway, New York, March 24 and 27, inclusive. A conference will be held at the United Charities Building on the 26th, during the afternoon. The exhibit is very important; it will contain specimens from sewing-schools of France, England, Switzerland, Sweden, and the leading schools of this country. Mrs. Richard Irvin is the President. The moral value of manual training is being recognized. The hands cannot lie. They express the thought, the comprehension, of the worker; work is the worker's true expression of himself. It is this comprehension of the value of a sewing-school that makes it in the highest sense educational. Not the mere doing is educational, but the revelation that comes through the doing—the comprehension by the worker of what possibilities lie in his work. This is education, for it presents the ideal.

Street-Car Travel

The New York "Tribune," in a recent editorial, protested vigorously against the bad manners of the majority of street-car conductors, and the systematic rudeness on certain lines of street-cars. There are certain things endured by the American public, the mere endurance of which is evidence of a lack of moral courage and refinement. There can be no explanation except this for the calm way in which women will submit to crowding in and out of car doors occupied by people who will not move out of the way; on and off car platforms crowded to a point that prevents even the semblance of decency in passing. An educated public sentiment would abolish this intolerable practice; a refusal to get into a crowded car made in one week by one thousand women in every large city would compel a change in the method of managing street transportation. This comment was made by a traveler in this country who was discussing its women: "Try to imagine a fine lady getting on and off a Broadway cable car." You cannot, if you define a fine lady as one who avoids crowds, who dislikes to the point of aversion all that is inseparable from crowds. No woman of refinement willingly submits to the physical discomfort of street-car travel, with the paid employees adding by their brutality and familiarity to the general sense of degradation that comes from using public conveyances run without regard to the decencies of life. The truly "fine lady" need not submit; she has protection. It is the submission by women who must use public conveyances to conditions that are remediable that has brought about the present discomfort.

The Up-to-Date Woman

Here lies a poor woman who always was busy;
She lived under pressure that rendered her dizzy.
She belonged to ten clubs, and read Browning at sight;
Showed at luncheons and teas, and would vote if she might.
She served on a school board with courage and zeal;
She golfed, and she kodaked, and rode on a wheel;
She read Tolstoï and Ibsen, knew microbes by name;
Approved of Delsarte, was a "Daughter" and "Dame;"
Her children went in for the top education,
Her husband went seaward for nervous prostration.
One day on her tablets she found an hour free—
The shock was too great, and she died instantlee!

—*Philadelphia Record.*

School Hygiene

A teacher in a large girls' school says that many girls are too warmly clothed in the school-room. She attributes to this much of the school-room nervousness which prevents good work. She advises cashmere as the best material for winter wear in the school-room. Heavy, warm cloaks should be provided for outdoor wear. This teacher laments that girls are sometimes required to wear out "best dresses" in school, because so often they are unsuitable. Another woman who has studied school-room hygiene advocates the use of the muscles systematically under a scientifically trained director.

The Destruction of Birds

The destruction of birds is so great that the Smithsonian Institution sends out a pamphlet calling attention to the rarity of birds that a few years ago were common, and to the complete extermination of many birds. Hunters and fashion are held responsible for this serious danger of extermination.

An Educational Opportunity

The New York City chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has established a competitive examination in American history among its own members, the successful competitor to be entitled for two years to pursue the highest course in American history in Columbia or Barnard College.

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[Publisher's Department]

Fifty-first Annual Report

OF THE

Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company

To the Members:

The year 1896 was marked by almost unremitting commercial depression affecting every interest and by serious disturbances in the public finances producing apprehensions more or less approaching panic for nearly the entire period, both conditions having their origin largely in those questions which became the issues in a political campaign which, for the critical gravity of the results involved and the intensity of feeling engendered, has had no parallel in our history.

In such a year enterprise loses much of its usual reward, and the best results in nearly any business are those accomplished at least cost while maintaining the efficiency of the working machinery and awaiting such favorable change as will allow a satisfactory amount of business to be done at usual cost and without strain.

EFFECT ON BUSINESS

Especially is this true in the business of life insurance. Its cost is usually reckoned as a part of one's expenses; and when money is hard to come at and profits are little, and perhaps nothing, new expenses are not readily undertaken, the usual ones are often curtailed, and business shrinks. Under such conditions a large volume of new business can be maintained in only one way: by such concessions on the first premium as tempt a new insurer to take a policy which costs him little or nothing the first year, and which he gets at the expense of the older policy-holders whose money has to make up the deficiency caused by what the "new blood" costs but fails to pay.

Were any given quantity of new business in any one year necessary to the stability of a company—as it might be were the company new and its amount at risk as yet too small for a safe average experience—there might be a reason for keeping up a pace even at increased cost, if the business so gotten were likely to stay by. But there is no company of our class doing business to-day in any such situation; nor any which cannot afford to let its new business vary with the conditions affecting the volume of every other business, except those which have attached to the simple methods of legitimate life insurance certain wholly extraneous features which create necessities of their own and dominate the situation. The "accumulated dividend" companies, some of which are losing $125,000,000 and upward of old business every year, and must keep a very great amount of business going in order to keep up the lapses and forfeitures necessary to provide their "accumulated surplus" or tontine fund, have tried to educate the public to believe that a great "new business" and a great "amount at risk" were the true measures of success, and may feel that their choice lies between keeping up the inflow at any cost, by any effective means, and such a shrinkage as they cannot contemplate with equanimity. However that may be, the vicious and costly methods of competition are continued.

AN IDEAL POSITION

The Connecticut Mutual is, happily, under the stress of no circumstances, natural or artificial, requiring it to force its business beyond the conditions of the time. Its position is ideal, and that to which every company ought to strive to attain—a business so large as to give absolute stability in its average experience, yet not so large but that in good times and under fair conditions it can be maintained without difficulty, even allowing for occasional and considerable shrinkages in bad times, a standard of solvency beyond question, investments worthy such a trust, and an expense account so small as to give the largest possible saving to policy-holders and so adjusted that, whether its business increases or shrinks, it will not have to cut its dividends on that account.

That is the position we occupy. So far as the absolute safety of every present policy-holder is concerned, or so far as his future dividends would be affected, it is not necessary that we should ever write another new policy. The company would pay out to the very last man and maintain the same relative high dividends without it. The only reason for taking new business is that we may give to new families the same secure and cheap protection that those of our present members are getting. The latter have no need whatever for any new business. And therefore it is that, among all the struggles for first place as to new business and amount at risk among the large companies, and those of the smaller ones to keep somewhere in the race, the Connecticut Mutual has steadily refused to compete for new business at the cost of present policy-holders. What we can get without reducing their dividends we take; what we can't goes to those whose inducements to agents and whose speculative proposals and momentary temptations to new men are great, but whose dividends to old members are smaller. In good times we more or less enlarge our business. In hard times we husband our strength, indifferent to all considerations except maintaining our standard of excellence.

We are thus explicit, not only because the matter is apt to these times, but also because in the competition of business it is commonly represented by those whose only point of comparison with us is in respect of new business and amount at risk, that it is undesirable to insure in a company which is not rapidly increasing its business; that expenses would be less, dividends larger, and security greater if we were pushing harder for new business and getting more of it; a statement which is false in every aspect and particular. There must come a point with every company, no matter how rapid its present growth, beyond which it cannot force an increase of size. And several of the largest companies are rapidly approaching that point.

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What will be their status then? Should the public, therefore, turn from them? If they will be then undesirable companies, why should they be built up at all?

If a company be truly desirable, prosperous, and safe only while and only as it is increasing its risks, then the more rapidly a company is growing to-day the faster it is approaching the time when it will be no longer desirable, prosperous, or safe. If that be so, life insurance should be summarily suppressed as an inevitable swindle.

But, as our expense rate is less than that of any other company, and only about half that of the great pushers, while our results to policy-holders are very much larger than theirs, and our stability greater and more conservatively based, the advantage to be derived from following their example would seem more than doubtful, especially in view of the heavy and continuous reductions they have made and are still making in their dividends, while we have maintained our scale. The reproach of such a conservatism we are very content to bear. The vigor of the oak is of an enduring sort.

REVIEW OF THE YEAR

Notwithstanding the dullness of the year 1896, the affairs of the company in every essential particular were as prosperous as could be reasonably expected under the conditions. A gain in income, assets, and surplus, while earning an increased dividend—an increase of strength more than corresponding with the increase in liabilities, while decreasing the cost of insurance—may, in such times, well be regarded as fairly satisfactory.

The operations of the year, as covered by our report to the Insurance Department, are as follows:

Net assets, January 1, 1896		$60,764,020.64
Received—		
For premiums	$4,743,236.75	
For interest and rents	3,139,405.22	
Balance profit and loss	50,140.75	
Total income		7,932,782.72
		$68,696,803.36
Disbursed—		
For claims by death and matured endowments	$4,508,018.25	
Surplus returned to policy-holders,	1,274.658.62	
Lapsed and surrendered policies	759.247.93	
Total paid policy-holders	$6,541,924 80	
Commissions to agents, salaries, medical examiners' fees, printing, advertising, legal, real estate, and all other expenses of management	836,715.97	
Taxes	336,490.98	
Total expenditures		7,715,131.75
Balance net assets, Jan. 1, 1897		$60,981,671.61
Add interest due and accrued, market values of stocks and bonds over cost, and net deferred and uncollected premiums, as per itemized statement herewith		1,970,677.27
Gross assets, Jan. 1, 1897		$62,952,348.88
Total liabilities		55,799,051.84
Surplus, January 1, 1897		7,153,297.04

INTEREST

We received for interest and dividends, $2,884,958.31; for rents, $254,446.91. The dullness of the times made collections unusually slow. Yet the overdue interest on December 31, 1896, on nearly $36,000,000 of mortgage loans was only $150,466.71, about $30,000 of which has since been received.

No new defaults have occurred on our bonds, the only case now in default being that of the $100,000 of bonds of the Detroit, Lansing, and Northern Railroad, now in process of reorganization.

REAL ESTATE LOANS

The amount of old loans paid off and of new loans made was much smaller than usual; a natural result of the conditions which made it hard to get money to pay with, and also made less use for borrowed money. Old loans were paid amounting to $5,560,110.40, and new loans were made for $5,202,279.87.

FORECLOSURES AND SALES

Other results of the hard times were the prolonged inability of many to pay interest, compelling us to take under foreclosures properties costing $1,233,028.08, and also a great deadness in the real estate market, by reason of which comparatively few sales were made, amounting to $124,325.33. There were a good many inquiries after property, but most of them were made in the hope that the pressure of the times might dispose us to offer at low prices. We are fortunately able to hold our property until usual conditions restore usual prices.

The advantage of being able to do this is well illustrated in our own history. Since 1879 the Company has sold properties which it had then acquired under foreclosure at a cost of $7,531,618.30. In an examination made that year, the Insurance Commissioner valued these properties at only $6,445,773, an apparent loss of $1,085,845.30. But we did not sell at those figures. We waited and sold as the market wanted it, for $8,922,656.31, or $1,391,038.01 more than the property cost, and $2,476,883.31 more than the Commissioner's valuation.

While some of our properties will not, probably, sell for as much as they cost, others will sell for more, and, judging from past experience, we see no reason to apprehend any loss on this item as a whole.

BOND TRANSACTIONS AND HOLDINGS

There were paid off or sold during the year municipal and railroad bonds which cost us $864,633.30, and other bonds purchased at a cost of $783,610.44. The market value of such securities in general was considerably less on December 31, 1896, than on December 31, 1895. The shrinkage on our holdings was, however, only two-thirds of 1 per cent. These holdings are for $13,285,000 par value, costing $13,606,034.97, and worth at the above date, $14,058,997 by an entirely conservative valuation.

PROFIT AND LOSS

A small net loss of $13,105.87 on some of the real estate sales and sundry items was offset by a net gain of $63,246.62, mainly on transactions in bonds, leaving $50,140.75 to the good.

MORTALITY

We paid to the families and estates of deceased members during the year $4,106,366.25. The value and timeliness of this great sum to its many recipients in their hour of need are the measure of our yearly service to the households of our country. Its helpfulness can be somewhat realized if one will but imagine that amount being constantly distributed among cases like some that will occur to any of us, and will think what it has meant to them, or would have meant to those who did not have it. It is an unmixed good, coming when the necessity for such help is greatest.

Our death losses were so far inside those expected

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and provided for that the savings therefrom were $436,689.

It should be always borne in mind that it is not the amount of a company's death losses, nor their proportion to its amount at risk, nor to its income or its assets, which are significant of their effect upon its prosperity, present or future. The older its business, the longer it has been in force, the greater the average age of its members, the greater will be the proportion of deaths and the volume of losses. The question is not only what losses have occurred, but what were expected? What losses were anticipated when the premiums and reserves to meet them were computed? Are the actual losses inside or outside that expectation? That is the only pertinent question in the matter.

EXPENSES

The ratio of expenses to income in 1896 was 10.55 per cent.; an increase over the usual average of about one-half of 1 per cent. This was due to no increase in the cost of getting business or in any general expense, but solely to the increased cost of repairs to real estate taken under foreclosure, and necessary to put it in proper order, and to rightly protect our property. The same careful and systematic economy which always distinguishes this Company has been rigidly maintained.

NEW BUSINESS

In consequence of the unbroken business depression of 1896, and especially during the months of the political campaign, and because we spent no money trying to overcome these obstacles, we wrote about 10 per cent. less new business in 1896 than in 1895. The renewals of old business were so well kept up, however, that we lost during the year on the whole amount in force only $619,430.

We believe the persistency of the old business of the Connecticut Mutual is quite unique. It is an element of great strength and of cheapness as well. It costs far less to take such care of old business as to keep it, than to get new to replace it. And we are fortunately not in the position of those companies whose heavy expenses can be met and whose extravagant representations of "postponed or accumulated dividends," to be paid fifteen or twenty years hence, can be fulfilled only by the proceeds of heavy forfeitures of old business every year.

DIVIDENDS

The dividend paid on each policy in 1896 was larger than the corresponding one for 1895. There will be a similar increase in dividends and consequent decrease in the cost of insurance on policies renewed in 1897.

SURPLUS

We call attention to those items from which it is possible to derive a surplus, and to the manner in which they have been applied during the year, with a preliminary word of explanation.

We agree to pay certain sums on the occurrence of a certain event. To do this we must have premiums large enough to pay running expenses, the current death claims, and provide a reserve for the greater mortality that will come with the increasing age of the business. We can earn interest on that reserve while we hold it. So we assume a maximum death rate, a maximum expense rate, and a maximum rate of interest, and calculate our premiums and the reserve to be laid aside out of them on those three assumptions. If the death losses and expenses are less than we assumed, we save the difference from the premium; if the interest is more, we save that also. There are sundry other incidental items. Here is an exhibit of the operation of those several factors in the Connecticut Mutual in 1896:

Part of premium provided for expenses, &c	$957,256	
Interest and rents in excess of rate assumed	1,060,722	
Balance, profit and loss	50,141	
Saved from expected death losses	436,689	
Saved from reserve on surrendered policies	129,759	
Sundries	25,437	
Total		$2,660,004

This total of items applicable to expenses, dividends, etc., has been applied as follows:

Expenses of management	$836,716	
Taxes	336,491	
Decrease in market value of bonds and stocks	92,556	
		$1,265,763
Dividends paid	$1,274,659	
Additions to accumulated dividends	62,541	
Increase in surplus	57,041	
		1,394,241
		$2,660,004

The only item in this exhibit which does not explain itself is probably the saving from the reserve on policies surrendered or not renewed—$129,759. This grows out of lapsed and surrendered policies (less those reinstated) for $5,860,703, the reserve upon which was $961,577, of which amount $831,818, or about 87 per cent., was returned to the policy-holders in paid-up insurance, cash or otherwise, leaving the saving mentioned, $129,759. This saving covers some policies which had not been in force long enough to have a value, but it is principally made up of a small necessary charge made upon each surrendered policy to help in replacing the business so lost, to cover the cost of the change, and to protect the company against the impaired vitality caused by the voluntary withdrawal of sound lives.

Let it be noted that were we doing a tontine or speculative "investment" business, the whole $961,577 of reserve and all the surplus it had accumulated would have gone into the "pool."

A similar exhibit of the items available for expenses, etc., and their application for, say, the last fifteen years, will be interesting in this connection.

Part of prem. provided for expenses, etc.	$14,704,248	
Int. and rents in excess of rate assumed	14,498,567	
Bal., profit and loss	809,716	
Saved from expected death losses	6,864,729	
Saved from reserves on surrenders, etc.	1,238,635	
Increase in market values of bonds and stocks	1,604	
Sundries	71,048	
		$38,188,547

This has been applied as follows:

Expenses of management	$11,085,600	
Taxes	4,756,826	
		$15,842,426
Dividends paid	$18,039,965	
Increase in accumulated dividends	540,431	
Increase in surplus	3,765,725	
		22,346,121
		$38,188,547

Here, again, the only item needing explanation is

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the saving of $1,238,635 in the fifteen years on lapsed and surrendered policies. These amounted to $70,956,220; the reserve on these was $11,337,131, of which amount $10,098,496, or about 89 per cent., was returned to policy-holders in paid-up insurance, cash, and otherwise. Were ours a tontine business, the whole $11,337,131, and all the surplus accumulated by it, would have gone into the "pool" for the lucky ones to divide—or so much as was not eaten up by the expenses of pushing for new blood.

Similar exhibits by the great group of companies doing that sort of business would be very interesting. They would mark, as nothing else ever can, the precise character, the enormous magnitude, and the startling significance of the gambling in life insurance carried on for the last twenty-five years or more, and now involving, annually, policies to the amount of many hundred million dollars; policies which ought to be sacred to the protection of the families whom they do not guard; which are not taken to guard the family, but with intent to share in what others are to lose.

Moreover, such exhibits by those companies would show those people who have lapsed and forfeited those policies and the surplus already accrued on them where their money goes; and would show those who have won in the speculation where their money has come from, and would show them also why their speculation hasn't turned out half as big as the estimates by which they were led into it.

EXCESS OF STRENGTH ABOVE LEGAL STANDARD

Whoever has occasion to observe the statements of this Company, as published by the several State Insurance Department reports, will notice that they credit us with a much larger surplus than we credit ourselves with. For instance, their reports last year showed us as having nearly $1,300,000 more surplus than our own figures. This year the difference will be something still larger. The cause of our own more conservative showing is this:

The State Departments compute our liabilities on the assumption that we will earn 4 per cent. compound interest on our reserves throughout the longest possible duration of any of our policies, say seventy years or more. On all policies written since April, 1882, we compute our liability on the assumption tnat we may earn only 3 per cent. For the long periods our contracts are written to cover we do not think it entirely prudent to assume more. This requires us to carry a larger reserve than the 4 per cent. assumption which is the legal standard of solvency.

CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT

From its organization to Jan. 1, 1897, the Company received:

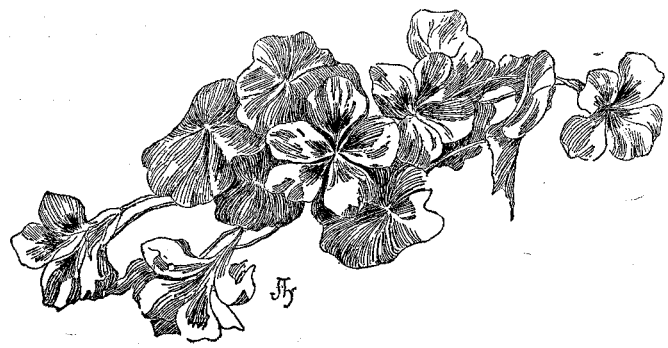
For premiums...	$192,111,805.65	
For interest.....	76,438,281.19	
For rents.....	7,059,292.87	
Bal. profit & loss	1,035,219.59	
Total receipts.....		$276,644,599.30
It has paid—		
Death claims for.....	$89,115,154.07	
Endowments for.....	13,568,462.30	
For surrendered policies.....	23,803,729.92	
For dividends.....	55,966,763.64	
A total returned to policy-holders or their beneficiaries, being 94.97 per cent. of the entire premiums received...	$182.454,109.93	
It has paid for—		
Expenses.....	24,316,102.41	
Taxes.....	8,892,715.35	
Total expenditures		$215,662,927.69
Balance net assets, Jan. 1, 1897.....		$60,981,671.61
It has additional assets (see statement).....		1,970,677.27
Total assets.....		$62,952,348.88

That is, the amounts returned to policy-holders and their beneficiaries ($182.454,109.93) and the balance of income after all expenditures ($60,981,671.61), aggregating $243,435,781.54, are 126.72 per cent. of the entire amount received from policy-holders. This has been done at an expense of management of 8.79 per cent. of the income. Both in what has been done for the policy-holders and in the economy of management—that is, in the low cost of the great protection given—these results are equaled by no American company.

It has been with a clear perception and deep sense of the absolute necessity to the home life on which our civilization rests and is being built, of simple, straightforward, reliable, and absolute protection to the family, that the Connecticut Mutual has adhered to the plain, uncomplicated, non-speculative ideals of life insurance plan and method which give that protection most perfectly and at least cost, avoiding those schemes which have indeed gained a great following by offering a speculation in that professed protection.

It is with a deep thankfulness we offer the results of our adherence to the right, if simple, ideal, to scientific truth, and to true business method. Respectfully submitted, JACOB L. GREENE, President.

Hartford, Feb. 13, 1897.



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Spring Humors

During the colder season impure humors accumulate in the blood, and eruptions, boils, and pimples break out in the spring. Dizzy headaches, loss of appetite, bilious attacks, lame back, and other troubles also appear. For all these troubles a remedy is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and completely cures spring humors of every name.

"My daughter had eruptions on her skin. Neighbors advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after she had taken two bottles the eruptions disappeared and she is now a healthy child." MRS. KATE CONWAY, 198 Chestnut St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. Price $1, six for $5. The best Spring Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take easy to operate. 25c.

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Singer sewing-machines are sold directly from the manufacturer to the user, through the company's own employees, and in no other way.

Either one of the three distinct types of Singer machines will be placed in your home for absolutely free trial on its merits, upon application to any of the company's offices.

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The Modern
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BRILLIANT, LABOR SAVING.
Try it on your Cycle Chain.
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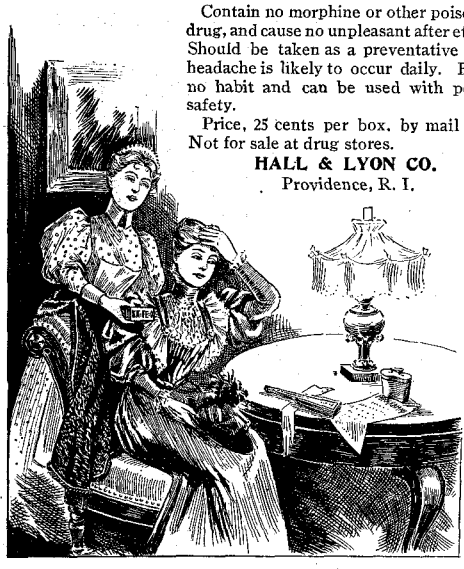
Pills give immediate and complete relief in all cases of Sick and Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, and La Grippe.



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at the popular price of 75 cents per yard. Each one is pretty, stylish, and durable:

CHEVIOTS—all-wool, 50 inches wide, in choice combinations of colorings, very latest styles and weaves, at 75c

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AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.

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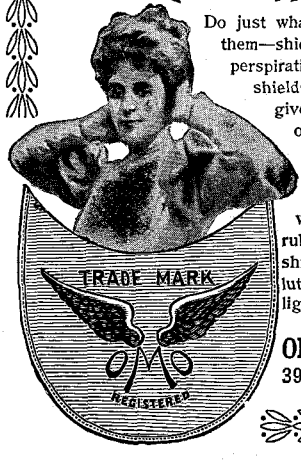

Do just what is required of them—shield the dress from perspiration. Some dress shields do more — they give out an offensive odor. Others are heavy, cumbersome. OMO Dress Shields will outwear either rubber or stockinet shields, are absolutely odorless and lighter by half.

Trial pair 25c.

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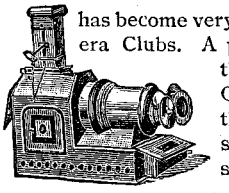

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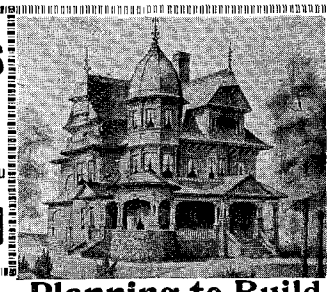

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shows many BEAUTIFUL HOMES, also designs for laying out, beautifying grounds, etc. Sent for 10 cents, if you name price of house you will build.

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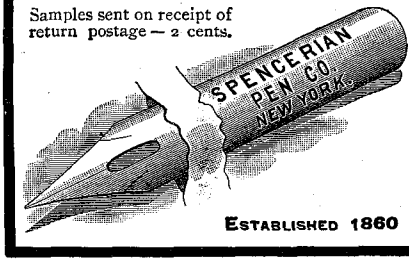

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Europe this Summer

If you are planning a European Trip, you are invited to let the Recreation Department of THE OUTLOOK be of service to you.

At considerable expense we have obtained, and keep in stock at THE OUTLOOK offices, a large supply of the printed matter issued by European Summer Hotels and Pensions, and in nearly all cases are able to give the rates charged at these houses.

We shall be very glad to send to intending European travelers, who will write us telling the points they desire to visit, the printed matter issued by desirable hotels or pensions in these places. In all cases we can send the sailings and information regarding any trans-Atlantic line, and also information regarding any of the steamship lines in the old country.

Railroad time-books are charged for in Europe, and, with few exceptions, we cannot send them by mail, but for the convenience of callers a set of time-tables of European railroads is kept in the Recreation Department. Callers can also be shown in many cases photographs of the hotels and surroundings.

If you prefer to travel with a party, and will tell us the places you desire to visit, and the amount you wish to pay, we will send you itineraries of such parties as may meet your requirements.

We shall be very glad, if you are intending to make a European Trip this summer, to have you use the facilities of the Recreation Department, for which service there is **no charge** made to OUTLOOK readers.

Write fully, and, if you desire suggestions as to trans-Atlantic lines, let us know the amount you are willing to pay for passage, and address

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